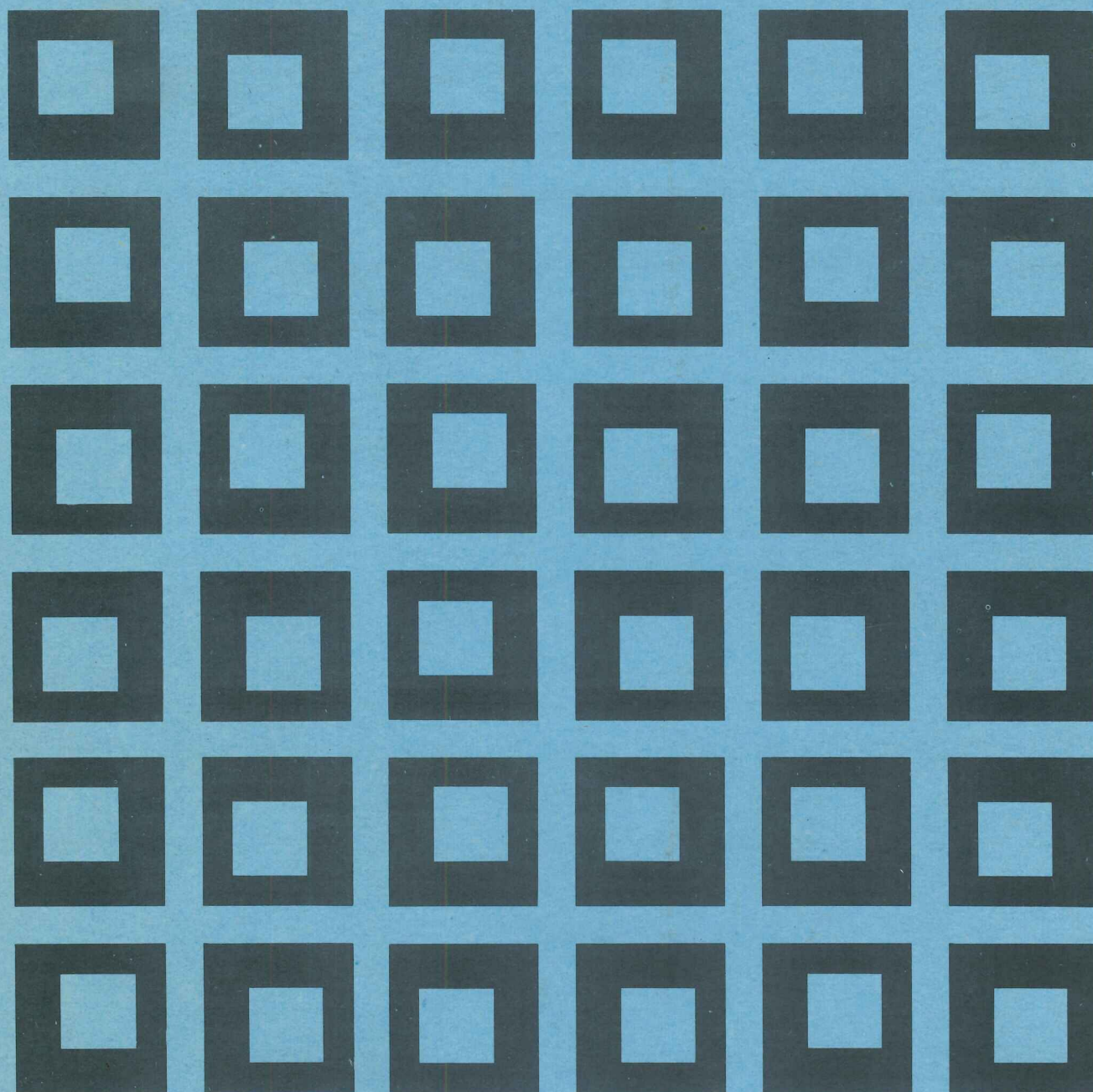


THE BRIGHTON FILM REVIEW



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THE

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REVIEWS

chappaqua

(USA, 1969) Conrad Rooks

The first thing that struck one about CHAPPAQUA was that it was a fictional documentary, a report in cold objectivism of an individual's subjective narcotic fantasies. The theme of the individual in the film is one of liberation, liberation out of himself (and the new America) into realms of mystical eternalism. The fantasy scenes show how the individual has successively been attracted to the realms of each religion, the Incas, Mohammedan, Indian and Catholic religions, all fall under the distorted view of the trapped junkie. Even his nightmares are of the preternatural type, surrealist concoctions of an all-American vampire extirpating the vital blood force of a young negress. The junkie has transformed himself from the role of a dependant addict, into becoming the predator of his environment's culture. The Transylvanian vampire has retained his traditional garb, but the prey are no longer simple peasant folk but are the occupants of discotheques and bars. He takes parasitically from the twilight fringe of Times Square in order to continue his own deathly existence. The symbolism is as indirect as the corroded brain of the junkie, and the parasitism is a parasitism of life blood, parenthetically he takes what has been gradually sapped from him by the Junk subculture.

The analyticity of the film allows no compassion, identification with the individual is impossible. Shots of Hardwick (the junkie) stopping briefly to salute Ginsberg and then running away after the brief confrontation into a perspectively convergent world, show how the twisted mind initially had the velocity of a course leading to self destruction, but this initial velocity is halted by the cul de sac into which he heads. The meeting with Ginsberg is just another crossroads at which Hardwick has arrived and then shot through in his search for some sort of ultimate confrontation with a subjective metaphysically real world.

The film starts with an excerpt from Hardwick's diary, he writes - "I first took to drink when I was fourteen on vacation from school, away from friends. By fifteen I had delirium tremens I took marijuana, hashish, cocaine and heroin, until at twenty-five I was introduced to psilobycin and LSD 25, and then I had a vision " - The 'vision' we see, is related through his attempts to recount his experiences to the psychiatrist from whom he is receiving treatment. The treatment may be either voluntary or psychologically forced upon him by external pressures, the film never shows which is the case; all we see is Hardwick drunk and blocked (on cocaine) heading for France on Panam airways. His arrival in France is expected and the attempts he makes to establish some sort of empathy with the waiting chauffeur are only met by the chauffeur's agreeing at one point to stop in order that Hardwick can get a drink. Hardwick arrives for treatment stoned and delirious, the gates of the treatment centre become jailers' bars, the car he arrives in becomes a hearse for the undead.

Permeating the flash-backs of imagination and disjointed memories we see, through the religious shroud that drapes Hardwick, a girl; a girl dressed in pure white robes, who dances hand in hand with Hardwick and leads him awestruck to point out the beauty of sunsets and the harmony of nature. The constant harping back in the film to shots of the girl and shots of windswept undeveloped raw beauty, provide the turning point from which Hardwick's 'vision' obtained its

initial momentum. The girl appears to be South American in origin, psilobycin is South American, the girl shows him sunsets and the Incas built their religion around the sun. Gradually the personality of Hardwick emerges through the hallucinations he suffers, his life, to the observer, becomes relatively stratified into a complex series of psychological distortions, his images no longer seem bizarre but adopt self consistency and congruence. The psychiatrist asks Hardwick about his background and is told - "I was born in Chappaqua, a small town, just outside New York. Originally it was owned by the Indians." - immediately there is a flash to Indian rites and Indian dancing, which is contrasted to the cheer leader big-brass band syndrome of contemporary America. We see America old and America new, and Hardwick, by his statements, derives meaning from the old and has no connection with the big-bra, candy floss eaters of the present-day Chappaqua. Thus we see, as he walks through the streets of Chappaqua, that he is accompanied by a 'person' whose dress and origins are remote from Marley-Davisons and Winchester repeating rifles. Yet the next scene is of Hardwick at eighteen as a teenager in the violent late fifties of Presley. He strolls through New York in motorcycle leathers and steals a flick knife before setting back to Chappaqua on his speed bike. On the way back, an accident forestalls his arrival and under the mufflers of anaesthetics we see emerge opiate pictures of surgeons, vampires and gangsters. Again, a curious point about the film, is that in the few childhood scenes we do not notice any parental influences, no constraining father or sanctimonious mother. If Conrad Rooks was intending to develop a generalised outline documentary of junkies, then we could expect that the parental atmosphere would enter into the account, but this relationship is not figured at all. We can only conclude that either Hardwick has completely lost contact with that shadowy world of authoritarian values (and hence that they are unimportant in regard to his present situation) or, alternatively, that his downfall is an inbuilt personality characteristic. Rook's analysis belies a generality of the junk culture's experiences to only one individual, this must be any criticism, that IF he is attempting a documentary, then he should have drawn from more characters rather than have reduced to one.

When Hardwick breaks out of the clinic and returns to Paris, we see again his decline into an ascribed hell, this is not a relapse, for he was never cured, rather it shows his lack of concern about persevering in the treatment; it shows the return to a previously acquired behaviour habit, the force of which ensures its regeneration upon that particular occasion. So the next scene is of his being under treatment once more, again we do not know how Hardwick got back to this situation, whether it was through external police pressures (say), or via a voluntary decision.

The film portrays the vagueness and imbalance of a junkie's existence, things are not planned, they just happen and what does happen is generally unpleasant. The cohesion of a socially real life-style disappears with the puncturing of the skin and the influx of the hypodermic. The need to be understood and the plea for communication, both disappear as we intrude again into a schizophrenic world. What we can glimpse of his 'vision' is available to us only as outsiders, there is no contact and no identification possible. The only

continued on p.4.

Lilith

(USA, 1964) Robert Rossen

Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg

As Vincent (Warren Beatty) walks along the neatly pebbled promenade leading to the asylum, casually nodding to an inmate, he is impressed by its immediate physical beauty. Reaching the entrance he is greeted by a social worker who, after introductions, offers him a cup of coffee and asks directly of his vocation to this type of work. Vincent is anything but articulate on this point, and when a guided tour round the establishment fails to deter him, he is accepted and briefed concerning the routine. Then, when Vincent has his job, one glimpses, in two short sequences, his existence outside his future one at the asylum. Firstly, his encounter with a former girlfriend, now married, is surrounded by the depressive facades of shops, the dusty displays in their windows, and the overall lethargic air of inertia. Their conversation is doomed to begin with, since the girl's reminiscences are filled underneath with dark hints and accusations that early promises remained unfulfilled by Vincent's neglect. "You didn't write." The incrimination is all too obvious and Vincent lapses into silence. The gloom of the small town is replaced by the equally squalid atmosphere in which Vincent sips his soup with his grandmother. They argue about the job, the grandmother mentions his mother, and Vincent retires to his room. He looks longingly at a signed photograph of his mother. The beauty is unmistakable, yet inaccessible not only in its context as a photographic reproduction, but also as it provides Vincent with the sole connection between his memory and his mother alive. The relevance of this becomes increasingly more apparent as his relationship with Lilith develops. His mother is only referred to once more, when he meets his former girlfriend's husband, after reluctantly accepting an invitation to come inside her house. Vincent is reduced as before to monosyllables, while the husband garrulously demonstrates his office crudity which finally results in a lack of tact. "I heard your mother was loony or something." The reference comes like a slap to Vincent, and at the same time, clarifies (to some extent) the origin of his decision to work in the asylum.

In *LILITH*, Rossen is demanding that we do not accept unconditionally the ordered appearances of sanity or normality and insanity. The hard core realism of *THE HUSTLER*, Rossen's previous film, is missing, and instead we are presented with a reality that is both distorted and blurred by disturbingly equivocal images, beautiful and haunting in design yet confusingly ambiguous in reconstruction. Nevertheless, in *LILITH*, the central situation that the protagonist finds himself entwined in, remains comparable to *THE HUSTLER*. Both Fast Eddie and Vincent represent the predicament of the lonely wanderer, incomplete and vulnerable, and in themselves harbouring an obsession (Eddie, the pool game) and (Vincent, Lilith) that is ultimately self-destructive. If Eddie regains his professional respect as a pool player by defeating Minnesota Fats and arrives at self-awareness, it is at the cost of personal dislocation. Similarly, Vincent's accelerating desire to possess Lilith utterly, destroys them both, driving him to kill her and plunging him irrevocably into madness itself. However, whereas Eddie's defeat is brought about by the smell of material success, his inherent skill at pool and a lust for the game that is encouraged and intensified by Bert Gordon, Vincent is undermined by the irresistible temptation that Lilith's private labyrinth offers, since, once part of it, he cannot control either Lilith or his own mounting obsession to dominate her absolutely. In particular, Vincent's

basic incoherence in the presence of 'normal' people (the social worker, his grandmother, his former girl and her husband) is consistent with his role as a wanderer. The disjointed interview in the opening sequence, where Vincent mumbles indecisively that he spent 'some time in the Army', confirms his uncertain direction, his general lack of purpose, and finally his sense of isolation.

Stylistically, the framework of *LILITH* is established by the ironic contrasts of the two walks that Vincent completes, the first, a purposeful one towards the asylum and the last, a desperate zig-zag through the various corridors and stairways of the asylum itself, out into the gardens, and finally winding up where the first one began, with an exhausted and curiously childish plea for help. The irony is extended even to the cry of help, since the same social worker had, in the first instance, politely enquired if she could help him. It is within this framework that Rossen develops the shifting relationship between Vincent and Lilith, beginning as patient and guide, and ending as lovers. There is always an aura of mystery that surrounds both Lilith and her behaviour. As Vincent walks up the asylum drive as a stranger, he is watched by a girl with long and rich blonde hair. Her face is not revealed, yet instinctively one knows it is Lilith. In the same way, as Vincent and one of the other female patients settle for a game of cards, a tune of extraordinary beauty and simplicity is suddenly produced. Rossen uses the same direct shot of Lilith's back with her wooden flute. The song is like a siren to the patients on the balcony. One young man shouts angrily to people playing table-tennis, and Vincent's partner at cards doesn't "feel like playing" any more. The confrontation of Vincent with Lilith is reserved until the departure of staff and patients on a picnic outing. Vincent slips wordlessly into a chair facing Lilith, spread-eagled over a table, reluctant to go. She looks up, attracted by his silence. Not hesitating any more, she asks him "Are you going on the picnic?" and he nods, following her out. Rossen emphasises Lilith's great magnetism and rapture (a word that the principal of the asylum uses himself in attempting to describe her world) in the frequent use of water. The picnic sequence reveals both her narcissistic inclinations as she stands fascinated by her own reflection in the calm water and the sinister force of her attraction as she callously sends down the weak young man towards the waterfalls to retrieve her paintbrush. From this point, the essential development in the film is the way in which Lilith is able to draw Vincent out of his introspective attitude and coax him out of his role as a social worker. The beautiful scene where Lilith wades softly through the calm waters with the low mist clinging to the surface accentuates her self-obsession and illustrates the growing uneasiness Vincent feels when in her presence. The mist temporarily swallows up her figure and Vincent's call betrays his anxiety. She appears again smiling. "You called me Lilith." The provocative tone suggests that he is already, to a certain extent, haunted equally by the power of her sexual passion and the fulfilment that is promised by her unreal beauty and serenity.

The tournament sequence that begins at the fair and culminates in Vincent's declaration of love is vital in that it marks the end of the patient/guide relationship, and recreates (for Lilith) an active consummation of her medieval fantasy world. Rossen draws her world with considerable care, and links it up with the paradoxical juxtaposition of the asylum's

mesmeric beauty and the emphatic emptiness of the American small town. Lilith's window that overlooks the entrance, is barred and the parallel with a princess imprisoned in the tower of a castle in the Middle Ages is real enough. Her scattered possessions are basically primitive (the wooden flute, the wild ferns that surround her doll) or medieval (the intricate spinning wheel). Vincent wins the jousting competition, with her colours wrapped around his lance, and rides off as the victorious knight with his lady won. Finally they both dismount, Lilith facing away and kneeling. Vincent approaches her and drops her scarf. It curls slightly and falls beside her as a sort of exaggerated gesture of defeat. His "I love you" is filled with resignation, a total commitment. Lilith follows him, and as they walk across the field, arm in arm, to make love, one easily misreads the relationship to be one of satisfactory young love. However, the next day, Lilith's corresponding protestation of love is a mischievous one, said with mocking inconsistent eyes, tempting him further into despair and anguish. His endeavour to locate the centre of Lilith's emotional pattern is a series of failures. Beginning with logic, he tries to persuade her to be constant in her behaviour towards him since he will inevitably lose his job if their liason is realised. As Lilith daily becomes more elusive in her love, so Vincent is readily swept up in the all-important desire not to lose her. He fears that her private universe, the one he is excluded from, will devour her entirely before he has had time to possess her and witness their love as a spiritual whole, not just as a sexual union.

As Lilith's responses towards him become increasingly negative, Vincent is forced into ascending violence. He steals her doll, but the ensuing argument promotes only an intensified sexual reunion. Later, when he immerses the same doll face downwards in his small aquarium, it is certainly an acknowledgement that the Lilith belonging to still waters is lost. He now has crossed the line into a destructive emotional pattern not unlike Lilith's earlier one during the picnic scene. She is consistent only in her taunting of Vincent's love, through a female lover, and then through the same young man that she almost sent to his death in the waterfalls. Vincent, tormented by the intrusion, is responsible for the latter's suicide. Facing Lilith with the evidence of his crime that he committed in a desperate attempt to keep them together ("Say you wanted me to do it") he is unable to communicate his despair, succeeding only in severing their relationship completely (Lilith remarks that his hands are "dead hands", thus destroying any former sexual harmony) and propelling her further into the web that completes her isolation. Before Vincent finally throttles her and smashes her delicately woven surroundings, Rossen reveals his mental chaos in the sequence where Mrs. Brice, the social worker searches for him and is horrified by the state of his room. The water in the aquarium is frothy and bubbling, recalling the thundering uncontrollable water in the picnic scene, and the doll is still there, 'drowned' on the surface. A picture of Lilith is beside the one of Vincent's mother. There is a strong similarity. Just as the doll floating on the water is in fact a dark forecast of Lilith's doom, Vincent's concise farewell to 'normality', in the form of his ex-girlfriend's shabby home and her tolerant marriage, is in itself a condemnation. Needing emotional resuscitation himself, he finds it impossible either to compete with the husband's stale dialogue or measure up to the sexual demands of the girl.

In Lilith, madness is shown as outwardly beautiful and poetic, whereas underneath it is warped and ruinous. The serene facade of the madhouse has the sinister foreboding that is present in Grimm's house of sugar and spice in 'Hansel and Gretel' and Lilith herself shares the deceptive sexual fulfilment of Keats' 'La Belle Dame sans Merci'

without, of course, her conscious power to destroy. Perhaps the best illustration of this false allurements is the slide showing the web of a mad spider to the staff of the sanatorium. Its beauty is devastating as is Lilith's. Rossen then classifies this shot with the subsequent one of Vincent standing in the recess of Lilith's room, inextricably caught up in the loveliness of its woven fabric. The entangling nature of this web breaks down Vincent's elementary motives (to help and restore) and twists them into maniacal obsessions (to possess and dominate). It seems that Rossen leaves us with precious little to choose from. The seekers like Vincent or Fast Eddie who search frantically for beauty/perfection are doomed to fail, since in grasping the object of their desire, they sacrifice what constitutes their integral being, the essential equilibrium between emotive response as opposed to intellectual/material responses. Eddie throws aside self-fulfilment and love to explore his potential as a pool player. Vincent denies his own sanity in order to pursue Lilith.

CHRIS LLOYD

continued from p. 2.

chappaqua

person in the film who has a sense of commonality with Hardwick, is a fellow junkie, who we see 'inspect' Hardwick when he passes out (blocked) in a jazz bar. The communication network becomes an egocentric system dependant upon a dyadic relationship with its own fantasies. The South American girl is the embellishment of the sexual perfection that he has constructed, whereas the act itself has become sublimated or repressed into the general amorphous confusion induced by narcotics and alcohol. The nurse in the treatment centre resembles the South American girl and is substituted for her in several of the later scenes, the faces of people are projected faces and each adopts its own particular symbolism.

At the start of the film we see The Fugs playing on a stage which is decorated by sugar cubes organised into a pattern spelling out LSD, as the song ends so the singer stamps on the cubes, destroying all but one, which a wide-eyed Hardwick immediately takes, and then the 'vision' begins. The 'vision' unfolds itself in the homogeneity of his illusion, that same world of hallucinations which Rooks presents so ably in a series of amazingly sophisticated techniques. The filming is so powerful, that the presented visual media adopts more and more meaningful dimensions as the perceiver synthesises the content of the distorted world displayed to him. The step away, from the acid-rock music of The Fugs, into the pace of a moving sound field (from Ravi Shankar and Ornette Coleman), is a natural step for the mystical dynamism that the 'vision' entails; the peculiar way that we can form some sort of congruence out of the nightmares and fantasies of the junkie, is the main achievement of the film, the effect of a macabre unity, developed by Rooks, is staggering. Even at the very end of the film, we are left with the unresolved question of the efficacy of the treatment ministered; a quick shot to a "The end is at hand" banner, followed by the doctor advising the departing patient that "to continue is to die", leaves a deliberately unresolved paradoxical ambiguity. The method of departure in itself is unusual, Hardwick leaves the centre by helicopter, but as he travels higher he looks down to see his own image, in a hospital straitjacket, clambering outside on the top of a bell tower.

The 'vision' has been displayed rather than shared, and the meaningfulness of the 'vision' is what we are required to decide about.

S. A. WIGGLESWORTH (B.A.)

anatomy of a murder

(USA, 1959) Otto Preminger

James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara

THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER is one of Preminger's most complex and insidious cinematic statements. The whole movie is an enticement. An audience does not merely watch, it is deeply implicated and involved in what it sees. This is not primarily because Preminger has an exciting story to tell. I do not normally find court-room pictures very interesting. They tend to be predictable even the first time through and to see them a second time is to risk exposure to intolerable tedium. Yet you can see THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER over and over again and be absorbed in it, be forced to recognise Preminger's genius as a film-maker and to ask what exactly it is that sets his pictures apart. How is it that Preminger in a picture that runs for well over two hours, very nearly as long as, say, John Frankenheimer's GRAND PRIX, has your attention for one hundred per cent of the time and could have held it for a good deal longer, while one sits through this and every other Frankenheimer in a mild state of inattention, and wakes up, so to speak, every so often for intervals that amount to less than five per cent of the running time. It is easy to say that Preminger is a better director and leave it at that. But this is too easy - just as it is too easy to say that Hitchcock's films are gripping because they are 'suspense' films. Plot, type of picture, has nothing to do with it. THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER and PSYCHO are very different movies, but they work on an audience in the same way: through the density, reality and indeterminacy of the images they present. So much film criticism is bogus because it shuffles around analysable meanings and extrapolatable significances as though the picture itself were merely a vehicle for schoolboy profundities. And, of course, it has to be admitted, that a great many films are made like this and are exhibited at film festivals and the toys which the director stuffed into the stocking are eagerly taken out and unwrapped. But THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER, like PSYCHO, is authentic cinema - above all, it exists and to see it again is not to say, "Oh, yes, I remember" but to be confronted by its sheer facticity as an object, as something made, concrete, durable, that cannot be explained away. It is not that, to paraphrase Archibald MacLeish, "a movie should not mean but be"; but rather that, in the cinema, existence precedes meaning - there has to be something there for us to talk about before we can begin to discuss what it means. And in this sense, judged against the uncompromising standards of Preminger and Hitchcock, most films do not even get to first base and we commit the hypocrisy of evaluating as a finished work of art, something that is nothing more than a few figures doodled on a sheet of paper. So, the importance of Hollywood professionalism does not lie in any mystique of technical competence nor in any myth of a so-called 'professional' way of doing things, but rather in fact that the best directors, and perhaps many run-of-the-mill directors as well, have known very well that whatever is put in front of the camera must be fully realised and bear the stamp of reality, so that any picture which does not achieve this will be as immediately identifiable as a dud coin. THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER is a long film and yet there is no padding; on the contrary one is amazed at how much Preminger packs into a single frame. You will find more complexity in any five minutes of this picture than in the entire works of the nouvelle vague - a complexity not of meaning but of realisation.

The story of THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER is simple. Lt. Frederick Manion (Ben Gazzara) is on trial for the murder of Barney Quill, whom he shot after his wife (Lee Remick) told him that Quill had raped her. His lawyer (James Stewart) succeeds in getting him acquitted on the ground that he was technically insane at the time the crime was committed. As developed by Preminger, however, the subject becomes fraught with incredible ambiguities. Ostensibly there are two main questions to be answered. The first, "Whether Lieutenant Manion is insane?" the question before the jury and the alleged centre of the judicial inquiry is in fact the one that matters least. We know that Manion is perfectly normal and has been coached by Stewart in his story. So the more interesting question - the one which, in fact, everyone wants to know the answer to - is whether his wife was indeed raped by Quill or whether, as a sexy, promiscuous blonde, she in fact gave him the come on and whether the bruises were caused by Quill or her husband? But Preminger is not so much interested in the question or the answer as in the way in which we would go about answering it. In THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER Preminger focusses on the essential contradiction of a court of law: in theory it is dedicated to rational enquiry, presentation and assessment of facts and evidence, which are deemed more or less relevant and so forth; in practice it becomes a highly emotional, almost irrational event, a kind of charade in which virtually everything a jury witnesses is false, a kind of impenetrable surrogate for the reality which they are supposedly concerned with, yet which they must nevertheless attempt to decipher in the hope of arriving at 'the Truth'. The only basis for their assessment will be their own highly subjective assessment of the characters of the people concerned. The judgement itself is necessarily distorted - and what possible relationship can it bear to the many-sidedness and indeterminacy of any human being. The proceeding is evidently absurd and yet the entertainment provided by the law court goes on - and is worth paying to go to see. In the movie Preminger shows us a great deal more about the participants than the jury sees, yet even we find it difficult to make up our minds. Yet for the jury, everything is falsified as well. We see Lee Remick not in tight sweater and high heeled shoes but in black hat and horn rimmed spectacles. Preminger cuts from Gazzara rehearsing his story with Stewart before the trial directly into the cross-examination in the trial itself. All evidence that comes into the trial is falsified and much is omitted. The evidence itself decides nothing. The highly dramatic arrival of Exhibit A for the Defence at the last minute - Mrs. Manion's missing panties - is nothing more than a colossal red herring. Preminger's treatment of the trial is highly behaviouristic: we examine not what is said, but how it is said, bodily and gestural signals. One's response to these is highly emotional. Even the judge is not unaffected. Clearly, in law anyway, the issue is not what happened to Lee Remick (itself, of course, a false separation) but what happened to Quill and James Stewart's whole approach is to shift attention away from this as much as possible and bring in all kinds emotionally-charged but irrelevant testimony. At one point Stewart is pleading with the judge to allow him to continue a line of questioning which is not strictly admissible and Preminger presents this from the point of view of the judge. Stewart's pleading face dominates the centre of the

frame, while the prosecution counsel stands to one side in the rear with arms folded - the judge finds for the defence, clearly influenced by gestural rather than legal logic. Stewart himself embodies a contradiction: we associate him with honesty, integrity, openness and so forth and this is what we respond to when we see him in action in the courtroom, and yet we know very well that he is precisely the opposite of what he appears to be - he is unscrupulous, cunning and deceitful and all the more so because he does not look it. All Stewart's actions in the film are necessarily in bad faith. He attempts to prove that Gazzara at the time of the killing experienced a 'dissociative reaction', yet his outbursts in the courtroom are designed to make the jury understand, feel and sympathise with Gazzara's outraged sexual jealousy. Stewart is himself 'interested' i.e. erotically stimulated by Lee Remick and by attributing his own feelings to others he is able to blacken the name of a key defence witness. He tells Gazzara, whom he has carefully instructed in lying, to 'tell the truth' on the witness stand - hardly surprising that he goes white - or as near to white as I have ever seen in a movie. When Stewart goes over the affair with Lee Remick and returns to the spot where the alleged rape took place, he is forced to re-enact the whole experience of Quill. Yet Preminger is also able to make us see that Stewart's prurient sensibility distorts the evidence of experience. He does not really understand Lee Remick, and the final image of a broken high-heeled shoe on a trashcan is his symbol and not Preminger's. Preminger may be Austrian by birth, but his work shows a characteristically American concern with the deceitfulness of appearances - though one must qualify this by adding that with Preminger it is not so much a puritan mistrust of experience and an attendant desire to simplify it, but rather a non-puritan acceptance of experience and a recognition of its complexity. Nevertheless, courtroom realities, just because they are so convincing, are certainly to be mistrusted in THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER. The proceedings are a coded message which Gazzara and Remick must decipher for evidence of their attitudes towards each other, which only very, very occasionally become real, as, for example, when James Stewart, with genuine anxiety in his tone, pleads with Ben Gazzara to give him a sign that there is no truth in the story that he gave the game away to a fellow-prisoner. Again, the qualitative change which Preminger introduces into these moments is a sign of rare artistry.

THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER is the courtroom picture to end all courtroom pictures. A great many were made before, but very few, to my knowledge have been made since. No doubt this is partly because the law-court has low budget overtones, and people want to see something more for 7/-. but also, I think, because Preminger seemed to have done the whole thing once and for all. He abolished the characteristic close-ups, reaction shots and high angle shots in favour of a *mise en scene* which presents a sense of the courtroom as a living reality, triangular composition expressing the reaction of three or more persons simultaneously. In the cinema we are so used to seeing people act one at a time that Preminger's method makes every frame seem incredibly highly charged - the moment when Lee Remick passes Ben Gazzara on the way to the witness stand, when Remick stands between Stewart and Gazzara - there are countless examples. Preminger's sense of the multi-dimensionality of the world and of dialectical interaction is not merely a 'theme' but is expressed concretely through the way in which shots are composed and related. We are far from the illusory freedom of Bazin's wandering eye or from Bazin's hallucinated camera eyeball. Preminger's *mise en scene* disciplines, clarifies, simultaneously distances and involves. THE ANATOMY OF A MURDER is also the anatomy of the art of cinema.

OSCAR GOULD

TV: SEXTON BLAKE

I.T.V. Southern, Wednesdays 5.20 p.m.

It is not usual for film criticism to be applied to television productions. Yet many film directors, e.g. John Boorman, started their careers in television and for many young directors this may now seem the only path. Obviously many techniques are transferable.

But television productions and films are different in two ways: the screen is smaller and the programme is either shorter or episodic. This means that there must be visual clarity and a condensed, or episodic, plot. Yet television production has often been poor visually and loose in construction. I am convinced that this is because many producers are more concerned with drama on the stage than drama on the screen. This is noticeable in their techniques. For example, a film-director showing a person moving from left to right and sitting down will cut from the beginning of the movement to the final lowering into the chair, unless he wants to emphasise the duration or the importance of this movement. T.V. producers on the whole tend to feel obliged to show the whole action. BBC 2's serials 'Christ Recrucified' and 'The Forsyte Saga' were particularly slowed up by this lack of precise technique. Concentrating on the actors and the action as they do, the camerawork often is shoddy. Moreover, it is in the nature of T.V. cameramen to prefer either horizontal-vertical movement, or zooms, or tracking shots, but not any combination of these. Fluidity is often lacking. To make up for the linking effect of the combination shots, they rely on zooms: but such an unnatural (to the eye) movement soon palls. A good director, again, uses a zoom only for special emphasis - for example he might be showing something (close up) as a microcosm or centre-part of a greater thing (zoom to long shot).

The series is always set in the 20's and stars Lawrence Payne as Sexton Blake and Roger Foss as Tinker, his assistant. A Mrs. Bardell, the housekeeper, and other characters make regular appearances. The underlying conflict is between the now defunct aristocracy and the new bourgeoisie - as in *Judex* (Franju's film) and the Sherlock Holmes stories.

The insecure Establishment is threatened by high-class master criminals. The ethics and behaviour of the latter are unscrupulous and opposed to the gentlemanly code still upheld by the other ruling-class figures. Yet the rottenness is endemic - e.g. in a previous series, scandal threatened the Foreign Secretary and left him open to blackmail by foreign powers - the government suddenly is very vulnerable and stability is threatened. The feeling of conflict is further highlighted - Sexton Blake is the typical smooth, gentleman-of-leisure pursuing his hobby (detection), but his sidekick is a cheery cockney lad. Secondly, the decor and costume are kept close to the period, but the music is harsh (not unpleasant) and modern.

Yet this tension would never be sustained if it were not for the imaginative production. The camera is rarely static, even during pure conversation. Objects are used symbolically with dramatic effect. Thus, in the last episode the camera cross-cut from excited pub conversation to a half-open door with a gloved hand resting on the knob. Economically, by suggesting an anonymous eavesdropper in the simplest of ways, suspense is created. When, a few shots later one of the talkers has been run down and killed, bike wheels still turning in the air (and framing the shot of Tinker and Sexton Blake), the episode ends with low-angle shots of a mysterious stranger whose words are full of menace. Cleverly the death is not used as the closing action, but the suspense is continued rather than abated.

By keeping the sets claustrophobic and the lighting very dim (except for special moments), the sense of struggling through a dark tunnel - so apt for the narrow confines of the T.V. set - is maintained until the end.

Pauline Jones.

under capricorn

(USA, 1949) Alfred Hitchcock

Joseph Cotten, Ingrid Bergman

UNDER CAPRICORN marks a crucial turning point in Hitchcock's career. It comes at the end of a series of remarkable pictures - SUSPICION, SHADOW OF A DOUBT, SPELLBOUND, NOTORIOUS, - in which Hitchcock gradually deepened the human interest and psychological credibility of the suspense picture with which he had become associated and immediately precedes the series of later masterpieces, beginning with STRANGERS ON A TRAIN. UNDER CAPRICORN stands between the two streams looking forward and looking back, a misfit that does not quite belong anywhere. Its faults are obvious. Hitchcock has himself admitted the degree in which vanity and satisfaction in working with the biggest star of the day (Ingrid Bergman) influenced his judgement. Hitchcock also felt that Joseph Cotten was not really right for the part, though the cinemagoer's reservations are more likely to attach to Ingrid Bergman, who seems less satisfactory here than in the earlier picture. The script is over-explicit, spelling out things in an obvious, semi-philosophical way which sabotages Hitchcock's unique ability to convey feelings without making them explicit. So the script, apart from being cumbersome, actually limits the scope of Hitchcock's direction. Again UNDER CAPRICORN is a historical costume drama set in Australia and shot in colour but Hitchcock, who on other occasions has taken enormous pains to ensure authenticity, here doesn't bother at all. There are sham sets galore and for much of the time we might just as well be in England. So there is a good deal on the debit side.

All the same, UNDER CAPRICORN was a great opportunity for Hitchcock, though not in the way he imagined. It gave him the opportunity of getting away from a genre in which he was in danger of becoming stereotyped, and of directing a picture in which he would be forced to concentrate interpersonal relationships, without relying too much on the familiar shock methods. There are shocks in UNDER CAPRICORN, of course, - the mummified head that falls out of a newspaper in the very first minutes and which Ingrid Bergman discovers later in her bed - but the interesting thing is that they seem almost wholly gratuitous. This also applies to ingredients borrowed from earlier pictures: the menacing servant from REBECCA, the slow poisoning from NOTORIOUS. These things contribute absolutely nothing to UNDER CAPRICORN and we feel that it would have been a far better picture if Hitchcock could have left them out altogether and concentrated on the relationship between Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten. This picture surely contains one of the most remarkable performances ever given by Joseph Cotten, though of course Hitchcock played a large part in the creation of the overall effect. But the burden he takes on is considerable. Since the majority of the characters are familiar British actors acting their familiar British roles, the task of conveying Australianess has to be carried out by Cotten virtually single-handed. There is a striking moment when the courtesies of introduction to life down under, gracefully performed by the local bank manager for Michael Wilding, are broken in upon by Cotten with his rasping voice, intimidating appearance and brutal manner. Australia is a land of criminals and convicts - the gulf which separates this underworld from the gracious appearances of government house is a more threatening intimation of the chaos underlying civilised appearances than anything Hitchcock had hitherto presented and the

nightmarish scenes in which Bergman attempts to control the slatternly kitchen servants, with the kitchen itself as id and centre of repression, look forward to Norman Bates and the rituals of the fruit cellar. Yet UNDER CAPRICORN also retains the strongest and most characteristic feature of the earlier movies I have referred to, their ambiguity of surface. In UNDER CAPRICORN nothing is quite what it seems. We sympathise with the gentlemanly Michael Wilding, though he is clearly a cad, and connive at his seduction of another man's wife and our identification with him falsifies our understanding of the entire situation - though it must be admitted that the plot does a good deal to falsify it as well. But the essential tragedy remains clear: of a man and woman who have made enormous sacrifices for one another and yet because of their different class backgrounds remain chained to one another rather than free. The nature of their relationship is brilliantly and concisely expressed by Hitchcock when Ingrid Bergman makes her first intoxicated entrance. We see a close up of Joseph Cotten and only see her arms around his neck (a shot whose disturbing nature is emphasised by the garish colour) and in the next shot, only her face. They are bound together and yet utterly separated and apart. The arrival of Michael Wilding only serves to emphasise this. In Australia Henrietta (Bergman) has virtually ceased to exist because she has lost her past - an important theme for Hitchcock, which returns, most acruially, in MARNIE - and it is only when Adare (Wilding) begins to speak of it that she begins to come back to life. But as Adare gives Henrietta back her life he takes her husband's away, accentuating his anxieties and feelings of class inferiority, reminding him as well as her that they do not really belong anywhere, least of all here. There is great irony in the scenes in which Henrietta tells of her love for Flusky, which in fact express the development of her relationship with Adare, who listens raptly, in close up. Adare, in fact, tries to steal her love by giving her back her identity. It could be argued that the unconvincing realisation of the Australian background is validated to at least this extent: that it conveys more forcefully the alienation of Flusky and Henrietta. The vacuity of their lives is powerfully suggested, when, as Adare is speaking of Ireland, the camera slowly moves round the elaborate decorative fitting of the room, taking in its emptiness.

UNDER CAPRICORN intensifies Hitchcock's concern with breaking down the cinemagoer's orientations. It reaches forward to a more serious treatment of identity, dependence, alienation taking Hitchcock beyond the spyworld of his earlier work. Nothing could be more offbalancing than the juxtaposition here of such crudities and complexities.

David Morse.

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FEATURES

RAOUL WALSH: the hero (part 2)

James Cagney and Errol Flynn represent two different facets of the Walsh hero. Cagney appeared in four films for Walsh, the two masterpieces THE ROARING TWENTIES (1939) and WHITE HEAT (1949), the excellent STRAWBERRY BLONDE (1941), and a movie that I have not seen entitled A LION IS IN THE STREETS (1953). THE ROARING TWENTIES epitomizes him best; small and pugnacious, he represents an extraordinary dynamic energy, which enables him to overcome all obstacles. Yet, what distinguishes him from the Flynn characters is that he seems tinged with a kind of pathos, a kind of innocence, even when portraying a psychopath as in WHITE HEAT. In STRAWBERRY BLONDE, he is the little man who fights the confining organization. He is framed for the collapse of a public company, and yet remains magnanimous towards his enemies. With this pathos, it is much easier for him to admit to emotional attachment to another person, something Flynn does not do in, for example, THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON (1941) or UNCERTAIN GLORY (1944). In THE ROARING TWENTIES, Cagney saves the husband of the woman that he loves, but who does not love him, from the threat of death imposed on him by Humphrey Bogart, at the price of his own death. However, the Flynn characters are usually quite egocentric and self-centred, completely individual; in his case, death is an utterly personal act, a seeking after something that will outlive him, a quest for glory. Glory fascinates Flynn, portraying General Custer in THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON. For him it is "something you can take with you when you go" and, in the context of the Walsh hero, rather than his distinctly military significance, the events of the film, the last scene after Custer's death, become extremely ironic. For, while his sacrifice of the seventh cavalry at the Battle of the Little Big Horn is of great value strategically, it represents in fact Custer's sacrifice of his own men in order that firstly he himself become a national hero, and secondly have his evidence believed in the government investigation of the Sharp Trading Company, because, in the context, this evidence assumes the form of a dying man's declaration. It is a quite extraordinary act of self-assertion in the face of the world, from a man who holds his life less important than his own guiding egocentric transcendental principle. We realize the significance that his action assumes for him in the evening scene directly before the morning of the battle. As the rest of the regiment sleeps, Custer goes to a wagon, unbolts the tailboard, and reveals, bound and gagged, Ned Sharp (Arthur Kennedy), one of the heads of the trading company that has precipitated the Indian war, and a man who has shown a long-standing mutual enmity with Custer, since they were both cadets in the military academy of West Point. As Custer explains to Sharp that he is deep in enemy territory and that his remotest hope of living is to ride with the regiment, Walsh tracks his camera in to a close-up of Flynn's face: his eyes have a maniacal gleam. He is shown to be utterly obsessed with his own personal mission, and in fact this neurotic strain in him shows through when he finds himself momentarily thwarted. This is demonstrated in the sequence where after the disastrous, drunken military parade deliberately organized by the trading company to discredit him, he breaks up the bar and assaults one of the government officials whom he knows to be conspiring with the company, nearly killing him. The "singular aggressiveness" of the Walsh hero descends into autopsychosis, which is eventually fully revealed in the character of Cody Tarrett in WHITE HEAT.

It is in this way that Walsh investigates the reality behind the historical myth of Custer, rather as John Ford does in FORT APACHE. But while, as Thomas Elsaesser writes in the BFR Vol. 2 No. 1, "FORT APACHE is a tribute to the individuals sacrificed by a haughty officer in an unjust and dishonourable war", Walsh's film is a celebration of the personal self-assertion of this act. Custer's action is not as futile as it might seem in this respect - he realizes the value of such a manoeuvre in strategic terms, and links the personal with the military as he has always done. Anyway, such an example of the Walsh hero cannot be praised or condemned in ordinary moral terms - for he engenders and personifies a unique morality.

An excellent study of the typical Flynn hero comes in UNCERTAIN GLORY (1944), one of the six films that Walsh made with this actor during the war years. He portrays a French thief, blackmailer and murderer by the name of Jean Picard, who eventually dies a glorious death by Gestapo firing-squad, having convinced them that he is a saboteur, and therefore saving the lives of one hundred civilians held as hostages. At least this is the ostensible cause, but in fact Picard seizes the opportunity for personal glory, in the same way as Custer seizes the Battle of the Little Big Horn. For UNCERTAIN GLORY is very definitely a Walsh movie, once we have endured the ludicrous anomaly of Flynn portraying a Frenchman. In quite masterly fashion, Walsh diverts and discredits the obstusive propagandist theme which evidently prompted the picture (the glorious indomitable spirit of the French people), substituting his own preoccupations with the hero. Picard is a hypocrite and a liar; and as he lies consistently through the film, we cannot believe his final heroic speech to the detective Bonet outside the Gestapo headquarters. As with the hero of SALTY O'ROURKE, he possesses a unique ability for assuming roles. His sacrifice is an intensely personal one - completely estranged from any nationalist sentiment for France, or any humanist sentiment for the hapless one hundred hostages, who provoke in him utter indifference. It is an example once again of the Walsh hero's metaphysical assertion of will - "something outside myself". Like THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON, Walsh investigates the reality behind the myth; there is talk of erecting a statue to his name, to the memory of a thief and murderer.

I have written in a previous article that it is only in extreme conditions of stress that the heroes of Walsh demonstrate their extraordinary ability and determination. Such a paradoxical condition is the axiomatic principle of the existence of the Walsh hero, while it is very much an exceptional feature in the lives of lesser men. In SALTY O'ROURKE, the hero has to obtain a large sum of money in a short time, at the cost of his life. In UNCERTAIN GLORY, Picard has about four days to live; having once escaped the guillotine, he has been recaptured by his arch-enemy, the detective Bonet, but appealing to the latter's conscience as a Frenchman, he suggests that he volunteer to give himself up to the Germans as the saboteur that they seek. His ostensible reason is that he prefers the dignity of the Firing-squad to the humiliation of the guillotine. When Bonet has at last reluctantly assented to this scheme, Picard has subsequently only several days to live; like O'Rourke, like Cody Tarrett in WHITE HEAT, with the police closing in, his days are numbered and it is in this situation alone that he truly exists.

We first see Picard as he lies in his cell, awaiting

execution. A priest enters to prepare him for death; brusquely he dismisses the priest - "save that for somebody else". This theme, which emphasizes the Walsh hero's existential denial of a concept of God, is later developed in the scenes around the church. When Picard is shown into the governor's office, and is questioned once more by Bonet, he remains firm and courageous - "I didn't talk then - what makes you think I'll talk now". He refuses to be frightened - like the veteran scout California Joe in THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON, he spits in the face of death. As he later articulates, the one aspect of his execution which frightens him is the fact that he has not accomplished his object, his metaphysical assertion of will, that transcends death, however ironic. And his faith in circumstance is rewarded; a passing air-raid shatters the prison yard and walls, and he escapes. The Walsh hero's life is never planned out - it is developed by chance, by acceptance of circumstance, by flaunting of death. We recall in THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON how Custer's career is founded on a series of circumstances which he either turns to his advantage or not; "there are two rewards for the soldier who disobeys his superior officer - a medal or a court martial". Thus his refusal to accept the imposition of community justice, his refusal to accept death until he has finally been executed, is vindicated. Walsh's camera draws back revealing the powerful, personal image of Picard, dazed and wounded, staggering through the ruins of the prison. This is a crucial image in Walsh's work - symbolizing the hero who begins from nothing. We recall Errol Flynn's ignominious dismissal from the army in SILVER RIVER (1948); Cagney's inability to find employment in THE ROARING TWENTIES; Flynn's near dismissal from West Point in THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON; Rock Hudson's accidental killing in THE LAWLESS BREED (1953), which forces him into outlawry. It is only when the Walsh hero seems in a hopeless situation, in a position where he can descend no lower, that he can demonstrate his dynamic energy; his individualism derives from such a position. As SILVER RIVER shows so acutely, in Walsh's startling image of Flynn's ill-fitting coat, once the hero has achieved his object, death or humiliating demise is inevitable. Thus, as in different contexts with the heroes of Boetticher and Fuller, it is the means that is crucial, not the end, the journey, not the arrival.

From this point on, Picard's story is ascendant: we see in the next scene his total disregard for friendship. He arrives at a 'friend's' flat, sends him out to obtain false papers, takes his money, his best suit, and seduces his woman. However, he even deceives her, telling her that he is a member of the underground. He is subsequently betrayed by his 'friend' and Bonet arrests him once more. It is on their return to Paris and the guillotine that they stop over at the town near to where the sabotage (of a bridge) has occurred. Picard senses Bonet's hesitation over his proposal of volunteering as the saboteur, and Walsh brilliantly encapsulates the latter's dilemma over this in a single frame. While changing trains at the railway station, they watch the rounding-up of the civilian hostages. While Picard remains the sardonic, unmoved spectator, the shadows of the hostages pass over Bonet, unrealistically expanded in their significance. From the moment that Bonet assents, Picard's life is limited and his inventiveness climbs to its apogee.

Much of the action from this point on focuses on the small town; here, Bonet and Picard have been noticed, and several conspirators have decided to incite the crowd to claim the latter as the saboteur anyway in order to save their various relations. It is in this claustrophobic, petty-bourgeois context that Picard is shown in sharper relief. All Walsh's heroes are social outcasts: those in HIGH SIERRA, THE ROARING TWENTIES, THE LAWLESS BREED,

WHITE HEAT and THE TALL MEN are in fact criminals, for ordinary society is too confined and restricted for such men. Society is seen by Walsh as an organized attempt to restrain the individual; in return, his hero revenges himself by consciously taking advantage of its weaknesses (bootlegging during the Depression in THE ROARING TWENTIES) or simply breaking its laws outright, stealing and killing (HIGH SIERRA, WHITE HEAT). This mutual enmity ostracizes the individual if he has no nationalist or community spirit - Picard is even more of an 'animal' in the eyes of respectable society because he confines his criminal activities in a movement of heightened communing need - wartime. The same is true of THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON - Custer uses the Civil War quite brazenly to further his ambition. This anti-social sentiment of the hero is derived from a sense of disdain for the community - he is essentially an aristocrat, considering himself quite outside the laws and customs of a society. We recall Flynn's arrival at the Military Academy - while the other cadets arrive in ordinary suits, he arrives in a French hussar's uniform styled on an old general, on a horse and followed by a young negro boy and a pack of hunting hounds. With this accent on the community, then, Walsh reveals its petty prejudices and superstitions - and here the religious theme, engendered in the opening sequence is resumed. Father LeClerc, the parish curé, is shown giving one of his sermons - it is similar, in a different context, to the first sermon of Father Paneloux in Camus' LA PESTE. The traditional high church Catholic line of the plague as visitation from heaven is here referred to the War, and LeClerc invokes the identical imagery of the flail and the harvest. The immense discrepancies between the unique morality of the Walsh hero and the traditional morality of the community of the people of the village is well demonstrated in two sequences. In the first Bonet and Picard are sitting in the town square, and the former suggests to the latter that he take confession, as he is soon to die. Picard retorts by telling Bonet that he has entered a church twice in his life, the first time "to be christened, I believe", the second time to escape a police pursuit. Soon afterwards, they hurriedly enter the church when a Gestapo staff car appears in the square; Bonet goes to kneel at one pew, but Picard motions him to another - "it's got a cushion". Almost at once, as if awed by the sacred atmosphere of the building, Picard begins to make a solemn confession, not to a priest but to Bonet, who with his almost superstitious Catholicism, only reluctantly assents. It is only after a few minutes that he realizes that Picard has been mocking him with complete lies. In this way Picard violates even the most sanctified customs and beliefs of society in completely callous fashion: to him they represent quaint, facile superstitions. Too, Walsh shows the foundations and moves of the community to be self-confining not only to the individual but to the corporate mass - it is the intervention of LeClerc that prevents the mob from arresting Picard as the saboteur. Their own actions are hindered and thwarted by their own beliefs, a vicious circle from which the hero is quite free.

In the village, Picard has also met a girl, Marianne, with whom he spends some of his time. They go with Bonet on a picnic, and the austere confines of the town square are exchanged for the pleasant but ultimately transitory locations in the countryside. In this rural atmosphere, Marianne expresses her love for him, and, not to disappoint her, he tells her of his 'dream' to travel to Martinique, a place which, like the homestead about which Clark Gable dreams in THE TALL MEN, and Rock Hudson's similar aspirations in THE LAWLESS BREED, represents a paradise to which the Walsh hero aspires while acknowledging its unattainability. Walsh places Marianne and Picard in long-shot in a field of flowers, while Bonet's cough (he has contracted an infection) can be

heard on the soundtrack. The quasi-idyllic atmosphere is, of course, transitory. Picard remains with Marianne for as long as it suits him; he then deserts her as he ultimately shuns all human contact, for he sees it as confining, as a restraint on the individual. To have responsibilities is to be restricted, for finally the girl Marianne is a product of the bourgeois society that Picard detests and mocks; Walsh reveals this in the last image of the film. She is as yet unconscious of the sacrifice he has made - she awaits his return in a little farmhouse in the country. We see her lovingly laying the table for two. Peter Wollen, in his book SIGNS AND MEANINGS IN THE CINEMA, has quoted Panofsky on the primitive iconography of the silent film; "A checkered table cloth meant, once and for all, the 'poor but honest' milieu, a happy marriage" The girl is a product of the bourgeoisie, to whom Picard has given a myth, sustaining her confining and illusory attitudes, by personifying some escapist fantasy. She, as much as the society of the French town, is alien to the Walsh hero; she can give him nothing. She acutely resembles the small-town schoolteacher Barbara Brooks in the movie SALTY O'ROURKE, who ensnares and emasculates the hero of that film. The greatest and most responsive heroines of Walsh, Marie in HIGH SIERRA, Panama in THE ROARING TWENTIES, and Elizabeth in THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON are those who accept the character of the hero per se; their relationship with him represents a complete giving of themselves, a devotion of their own resources to his actions. In a sense, their own lives extend only as far as the hero's - we recall Walsh's fast track-out in THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON after Custer has said goodbye to Elizabeth. As the camera (and by extension here Custer) moves away, she falls to the ground in a faint, and appears in the film again, only as the posthumous executor of his dying declaration.

The axis of Walsh's movies, then, is the hero, with whom the spectator gradually develops an empathic response. The classical heroes live out their existence with an ego-centric determination and self-assertion which is in fact autopsychotic; (WHITE HEAT - the image of the psychopath). UNCERTAIN GLORY goes further to define the social situation of the hero, for the plot is concerned with the dialectic between the individual and the community, in the person of the self-assertive criminal and the guardian of the community, the policeman. The final image of WHITE HEAT defines the consequences of the individual act - the hoses of the fire brigade attempt to control and extinguish the fire which Cody Tarrett has precipitated. But the film concludes with a sheet of flame - his individual assertion transcends life, and justifies itself magnificently.

PETER LLOYD

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Please address your letters, comments or articles to:

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or phone Brighton 24846.

VINCENTE MINNELLI

Last week, the Sussex University Film Society showed Minnelli's THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL before a virtually empty house. It is my opinion that members have thereby missed one of the very best films of a very great director. In the article below, which is the first of a series, I am trying to give some of the reasons that made me suggest this film to the programme planning committee, and incidentally hope to indicate, if this should still be necessary, why the Brighton Film Review has always given special attention to the American cinema.

Minnelli's critical reputation has known a certain amount of fluctuation. Admired (or dismissed) in America as a 'pure stylist' who, in Andrew Sarris' phrase 'believes more in beauty than in art', his work reached a zenith of critical devotion during the late 50s and early 60s in France, with extensive studies in CAHIERS DE CINEMA, especially in the articles by Douchet and Domarchi, who saw in him a cinematic visionary obsessed with beauty and harmony, and an artist who could give substance to the world of dreams.

In England, MOVIE took up his defence, from their first number onwards. But strangely enough, they concentrated almost exclusively on Minnelli's dramatic films of the early 60s (a memorable article by Paul Mayersberg on TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN comes to mind), and gave rather cursory treatment to the musicals, while the later films, such as GOODBYE CHARLIE (1964) and THE SANDPIPER (1965) were passed over with visible embarrassment. With this, Minnelli joined the vast legion of American directors whose work was supposed to have suffered decline, if not total eclipse in the Hollywood of the middle and late 60s. After a rupture of four years, he has now made another film, ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER - partly shot inside the Brighton Pavilion and around Lewes Crescent last summer, and to be released some time early next year. Let us hope that this will mean the end of his consignment to the limbo of critical indifference.

The following remarks are merely a preliminary attempt to disentangle a few essential characteristics from a singularly rich and varied body of work, and to trace some of the dominating lines of force in his style. Above all, I am concerned with the fundamental unity of Minnelli's vision.

At the risk of displeasing the genre-critics and antagonizing those who share the view that thematic analysis generally exhausts itself in what has (rather summarily) been referred to as 'schoolboy profundities', I would like to look at some of Minnelli's constant themes, or rather, at what I think they mean, and furthermore, conduct some kind of special pleading for Minnelli as a moralist, even though this will mean flying in the face of the 'stylist' - school, both of the Sarris variety and MOVIE, who claim (I'm quoting from memory) for Minnelli that he never writes his own scripts, and therefore never uses other people's material for the propagation of his own views, that he confines himself to the interpretation, the 'mise-en-scene' of the ideas of others, and that, consequently, his work is best regarded as lacking in consistent themes, and rather excels on a supreme level of visual competence.

I think this is a fundamental misunderstanding. True, there are superficially two 'Minnellis' - one the virtual father of the modern musical, and the other the director of dramatic comedies and domestic dramas (domestic here including Hollywood). Other critics - even sympathetic ones - would

probably claim a different Minnelli for almost every film - the loving 'pointillist' of American period pieces or of 'Gay Paree' (MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, GIGI, AN AMERICAN IN PARIS), the catalyst for Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire musicals (ZIEGFELD FOLLIES, YOLANDA AND THE THIEF, THE PIRATE, THE BANDWAGON, BRIGADOON), the ingenious vulgarizer of painters' lives (LUST FOR LIFE) and best-selling novels (THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE), the handman who puts together a star vehicle for an ambitious producer (THE SANDPIPER), the realistic observer of families, in small- and big-town America (FATHER OF THE BRIDE, FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND, THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER) or amongst the British aristocracy (THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE), and lastly perhaps the 'difficult' director of such problem pieces like SOME CAME RUNNING, HOME FROM THE HILL, and of Hollywood self-portraits - from BELLS ARE RINGING and GOODBYE CHARLIE, to THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL and TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN.

Altogether, Minnelli has directed some thirty-two films, not counting the episodes and sketches contributed to other people's films. It might seem difficult to find a personal vision in as vast an oeuvre as his, dominated by such apparently autonomous Hollywood genres as the musical, the 'sophisticated comedy' - not mentioning the fact that all films (except one) have been made in the M-G-M studios, under the supervision of a few, themselves very gifted and articulate producers like John Houseman (4) and Arthur Freed (12). But surely anyone who is reasonably familiar with his films will see in Minnelli more than the glorification of the metteur-en-scene, the stylish craftsman of the cinema, the dandy of sophistication. I for one am convinced that Minnelli is one of the purest 'hedgehogs' working in the cinema - an artist who knows one big thing, and never tires to explore its implications.

*

Walter Pater, I believe, once stated that all romantic art aspires to the status of music. My contention is that all Minnelli's films aspire to the condition of the musical. In this resides their fundamental unity. However, in order to substantiate this point, I shall unfortunately have to take a rather roundabout way, and insert a few remarks to explain what I mean by 'musical'.

The classic Hollywood cinema is, as everybody knows, the commercial cinema par excellence - out merely to entertain. Usually this is taken to be a fundamental drawback, at worst utterly precluding its products from the realms of serious art, at best, presenting the film-maker with formidable odds against which he has to test his worth, as artist and entrepreneur. (I shall try to show how deeply Minnelli's conception of his art, indeed his 'philosophy' of life, are formed by the conflict between the necessity of circumstance and the vital need to assert - not so much one's self, but

rather one's conception of meaning, one's vision of things. It furnishes his great theme: the artist's struggle to appropriate external reality as the elements of his own world, in a bid for absolute creative freedom. When I say artist, I hasten to add that this includes almost all of Minnelli's protagonists, insofar as they all feel within them a world, an idea, a dream that seeks articulation and material embodiment.)

Yet there is another side to the 'commercial cinema' syndrome, which is rarely ever given its full due. (At least in England: in France, the *Positif* and *Midi-Minuit* - équipes have always paid tribute to the commercial cinema qua commercial cinema.) I am referring to the fact that perhaps the enormous appeal, of the best Hollywood cinema, the fundamental reason why audience-identification and immediate emotional participation are at all possible, lies in Hollywood's rigorous application of the pleasure principle - understood almost in its Freudian sense, as the human structure that governs the articulation of psychic and emotional energy. It seems to me that a vast number of films 'work' because they are built around a psychic law and not an intellectual one, and thus achieve a measure of coherence which is very difficult to analyse (as it must be extremely difficult for a film-maker to control and adhere to), and yet constitutes nevertheless an absolutely essential part of the way the cinema functions - being indeed close to music in this respect.

For a superficial confirmation of this fact, namely that there is a central energy at the heart of any good Hollywood film which seeks to live itself out as completely as possible, one could point to the way in which - superimposed on an infinite variety of subject matters - the prevalent plot-mechanisms of two major genres of the American cinema (the Western and the Gangster film) invariably conform to the same basic pattern. There is always a central dynamic drive - the pursuit, the quest, the trek, the boundless desire to arrive, to get to the top, to get rich, to make it - always the same graph of maximum energetic investment, and always stated in the same paradoxical terms: "either I'm going to win or the world is going to lose" (as any character in a Walsh movie might well have put it).

For the spectator, this means maximum emotional involvement, which depends upon, and is enhanced by his maximum aesthetic satisfaction - or rather, by the skilful manipulation of his desire for as total a sense of satisfaction as possible. Intellectual insight and emotional awareness are transmitted in the best American cinema exclusively as a drive for gratification which the audience shares with the characters. The more a film-director is aware of this interrelation of morality and aesthetics in the cinema, the more his *mise-en-scene* will be concerned with the purposeful ordering of visual elements, to achieve a kind of plenitude and density, which inevitably, and rightly, goes at the expense of ideas. In other words, there seems to exist, particularly in the American cinema, an intimate relationship between the psychological drives of the characters (i.e. the motives beneath the motives that make them act), the moral progression which they accomplish, and the aesthetic gratification afforded to the audience by the spectacle: and that these are held together by some profound mechanism, identical in both audience and characters - be they criminals, detectives, gun-fighters, shop-assistants, song-writers or millionaires.

Perhaps one of the most interesting consequences of this fact is that this, if true, would entail a thoroughly different concept of cinematic realism, which would have nothing to do with either literary realism or the realism of pictorial art. In a very definite sense, the Eisenstein - Rossellini - Bazin - Metz - Wollen controversy has seriously underrated the question of a psychic dynamism as part of our aesthetic experience. Even the most rudimentary awareness of its existence would dispose of such arrant nonsense as Metz's

claim that "in the last analysis, it is only by the richness of its connotations that a film by Visconti differs from a documentary on the methods of surgery" (Communications, No. 4, p. 81/82). If sign analysis is not completely to degenerate into a hilarious professorial game, I think it must find, above all, a more positive validation of a film's sense of physical continuity, and that, it would seem, necessitates a novel idea of cinematic realism - not just as continuity of space and time, but both dimensions seem as elements of a perhaps predominantly psychic continuity. (To forestall certain obvious objections, this evidently applies to the American cinema more than it does to the modern European cinema. There is no such 'psychic continuity' to be found in the later films of either Godard, Bergman, or Pasolini - and whatever continuity there is, situates itself on a more complex level which is often an uneasy mixture of intellectual, symbolic and 'old-fashioned' emotional appeal - with varying degrees of success. I have my doubts particularly about the latter, though in the case of Godard's *WEEKEND*, and Bergman's *PERSONA* and *HOOR OF THE WOLF* I have in fact, in the past, argued for such a mixture.)

After this, rather devious excursion, I am back to Minnelli and the assertion about the 'musical' nature of his films. For what seems to me essential to all of Minnelli's films is the fact that his characters are only superficially concerned with a quest, a desire to get somewhere in life, i.e. with any of the forms by which this dynamism rationalizes or sublimates itself. What we have instead, just beneath the surface of the plots, is the working of energy itself, as the ever-changing, fascinating movement of a basic impulse in its encounter with, or victory over, a given reality. The characters' existence is justified by the incessant struggle in which they engage for total fulfilment, for total gratification of their aesthetic needs, their desire for beauty and harmony, their demand for an identity of their lives with the reality of their dreams. Minnelli's films are structured so as to give the greatest possible scope to the expansive nature of a certain vitality (call it will, or libido) - in short, to the confrontation of an inner, dynamic, reality and an outward, static one. Minnelli's typical protagonists are all, in a manner of speaking, highly sophisticated and cunning day-dreamers, and the *mise-en-scene* follows them, as they go through life, confusing - for good or ill - what is part of their imagination and what is real, and trying to obliterate the difference between what is freedom and what is necessity. (This is not the place to analyse whether there is, philosophically or ethically, something suspect about such a conception of the self and the world - suffice it to say that these ideas have a long, intellectual tradition, which is relevant, even if Minnelli has neither heard or every read about it. At any rate, one could hardly deny it the status of a theme, and a highly moral one at that.)

What, in this context, characterizes the Minnelli musical is the total and magic victory of the impulse, the vision over any reality whatsoever. The characters in his musicals transform the world into a reflection of their selves, into a pure expression of their joys and sorrows, of their inner harmony or conflicting states of mind. When Gene Kelly begins to dance, or plays with the first words of a song, say in *BRIGADOON*, the world melts away and reality becomes a stage*, on which he and Cyd Charisse live out their very

*It seems a shame that Robin Wood, in his defence of Hitchcock's use of backdrops for emotional effects, does not deign to mention Hitchcock's debt to the musical which uses sets for very similar ontological and psychological reasons. Of course, there is no doubt that Hitchcock's use is considerably more subtle in that he was probably the first to dissociate the emotional use of patently false sets from the genre in which they form an accepted part of the convention.

dream. Or when Louis Jourdan, in utter confusion about his feelings, rushes to the Jardin du Luxembourg to sing the title number of GIGI, Minnelli leads him into a wholly mysterious, wholly subjective landscape of the imagination, pregnant with the sign and symbols of his newly discovered love for the one-time schoolgirl. Such a confrontation with their innermost worlds always gives the characters a kind of spontaneous certainty from which, ultimately, they derive their energy.

The Minnelli musical thus transforms the movements of what one is tempted to call, for lack of a better word, the 'soul' of the characters into shape, colour, gesture and rhythm. It is precisely when joy or sorrow, bewilderment or enthusiasm, that is, when emotional intensity, becomes too strong to bear that a Gene Kelly or a Judy Garland have to dance and sing in order to give free play to the emotions that possess them. And it is hardly exaggerated to compare what Minnelli did for the musical with Mozart's transformation of the comic opera. One only needs to hold a Busby Berkeley musical - with its formally brilliant but ultimately empty song-and-dance routines and elaborate visual compositions - against even an early and comparatively minor Minnelli effort, say, the 'Limehouse Blues' sequence from ZIEGFELD FOLLIES to see how the musical with Minnelli has been given an authentic spiritual dimension, created by a combination of movement, lighting, colour, décor, gesture and music which is unique to the cinema.

Thus defined, the world of the musical becomes a kind of ideal image of the medium itself, the infinitely variable material substance on which the very structure of desire and the imagination can imprint itself, freed from all physical necessity. The quickly changing décor, the transitions in the lighting and the colours of a scene, the freedom of the composition, the shift from psychological realism to pure fantasy, from drama to surreal farce, the culmination of an action in a song, the change of movement into rhythmic dance - all this constitutes the very essence of the musical. In other words, it is the exaltation of the artifice as the vehicle of an authentic psychic and emotional reality: Minnelli's musicals introduce us into a liberated universe, where the total freedom of expression of the character's creative impulse serves to give body and meaning to the artistic vitality in the director, both being united by their roles as metteurs-en-scène of the self.

The paradox of the musical, namely that a highly artificial, technically and artistically controlled décor and machinery can be the manifestation of wholly spontaneous, intimate movements, or the visualization of submerged, hardly conscious aspirations, becomes not only Minnelli's metaphor for the cinema as a whole, but more specifically, it makes up his central moral concern: how does the individual come to realize himself, reach his identity, create his personal universe, fulfil his life in a world of chaos and confusion, riddled with social conventions, bogus with self-importance, claustrophobic and constricting, trivial and above all artificial, full of treacherous appearance, and yet impenetrable in its false solidity, its obstacles, its sheer physical inertia and weight? - rather like the sticky, rubbery substance Spencer Tracy has to wade through, as he is trying to reach the altar, in the nightmare sequence of FATHER OF THE BRIDE. Minnelli's answer, surprisingly enough for this supposedly obedient servant of other people's ideas, is a plea for chaos, where his characters embrace flux and movement, because it is closest to the imagination itself. Minnelli's motto might well be that 'rather no order at all than a false order'.

And here we have the crux of the matter: for the Minnelli musical celebrates the fulfilment of desire and identity, whose tragic absence so many of his dramatic films portray. Looked at it like this, the dramas and dramatic comedies are musicals turned inside out, for the

latter affirm all those values and urges which the former visualize as being in conflict with a radically different order of reality. In his non-musical films - from THE CLOCK to HOME FROM THE HILL, from MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS to TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN - tragedy is present as a particular kind of unfreedom, as the constraint of an emotional or artistic temperament in a world that becomes claustrophobic, where reality suddenly reveals itself as mere décor, unbearably false and oppressive. That is when the dream changes into nightmare, when desire becomes obsession, and the creative will turns into mad frenzy.

It is in the absence of that freedom which is realized in the musical, expressing itself through dance and song, through rhythm and movement, and indicating that peculiar fluidity of reality and dream which alone seems to offer the possibility of human relationships and of a harmonious existence - it is in the absence of this that Kirk Douglas or Judy Garland, Robert Mitchum or Glenn Ford and Ronnie Howard (THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER) suffer anguish and despair, neurosis and isolation, spiritual and physical enclosure, if not death. And it is precisely the possibility, the promise of a return to chaos, to movement which saves Spencer Tracy or Judy Holliday (BELLS ARE RINGING), Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall (DESIGNING WOMAN), Richard Harrison and Kay Kendall (THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE) in the dramatic comedies from becoming hopelessly trapped in their own worlds.

(to be continued)

T. E.

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The Politics of "CHE!"

"Considered by many present-day historians to be the most controversial figure in the past decade, Dr. Ernesto "Che" Guevara relives a portion of his tumultuous life in this explosive story of the fiery revolutionary. The film covers the period from Che's landing with Castro in Cuba, through the successful revolution and take over of Cuba, and on to the guerilla campaigns and his death in Bolivia. Great pains have been taken to make sure the film is absolutely factual and the two main stars give excellent performances. If you like lots of action this is the film for you."

"Showguide" November 1969

"Che" serves as a good example to illustrate some points about the social function of the film raised by T.E. in his article on "Teorema" (B.F.R.No.14)

Reviews, both left and right, tended to deal with "Che" as an overt political film, concentrating mainly the ideal expressed in the film. But "Che" is more political by implication than by intention: it is principally a commercial film - quickly made in order to cash in on the current popularity of Che.

It is not an accident that the film's style is pseudo-documentary. By evoking the familiar atmosphere of documentaries the film puts a false ring of truth to what it has to say: a character leaning against a wall in "Contemporary Cuba" voices an opinion about what had happened - the opinion is then illustrated in the next scene, thus giving it the appearance of fact.

As far as the overt politics of the film are concerned, it falsifies by omission as well as simplification. The Battista regime is illustrated in one scene: a group of women is seen walking towards a building guarded by armed sentries. As they approach, the sentries move in and beat the women with their rifles. In this way the Battista regime is shown to be bad, but nothing more is said about it, more especially nothing to link it with the U.S.

The film moves from Cuba to Bolivia before any of the effects of the takeover by Castro become apparent. Admittedly this move had to be made for the sake of the story-line, but in this way the beneficial effects - education, land reform etc. - never had to be indicated.

The main tactic of the film is to stress the problems of individuals more than political questions. The events portrayed in the film become only a backdrop to the development of the relationship between Che and Fidel. The two men are contrasted: Fidel - specifically a Cuban revolutionary, Che - interested only in revolution for its own sake. Fidel is human and makes mistakes in his battle-plan, Che corrects him and emerges as the evil genius. Fidel is positive and optimistic, Che a bitter man. By stressing the question of personalities the film glosses over the politics of the situation, and avoids raising any questions about the real problems of Communism in Cuba, the situation of the peasant in South America, and the role of the United States in Cuba and South America.

The dramatisation of ideas through emotional and psychological conflicts is a familiar mechanism of Hollywood cinema. It is one thing within the context of an established genre (Western, musical, detective story etc.) but it becomes pernicious when a film adopts the style of documentaries. The film is not just political in content but also in form, it conditions the viewer to

conceive of political problems as a conflict of personalities, demanding an emotional response rather than reasoning. The illustration of the Battista regime is one example of this, one of the final scenes is another: A strangely rhetorical Bolivian peasant addresses Che - "Yes, I want to be free, free from you." When he dismisses Che he dismisses everything that the film has embodied in him.

What the making of a film like "Che" seems to reflect is the fact that our society is capable of producing an "objective" film. It portrays a revolutionary and shows him as a human being rather than a monster. (This would not have been possible before the mid-60's. During the McCarthy period American directors were blacklisted for belonging to charitable organisations). But this pseudo-objectivity is insidious because it simplifies political issues. Everything is ultimately reduced to material for entertainment.

Every commercial film is a political, whether it deals with a political subject or not. This is because it is made within the system which allows it to exist: The commercial film-maker depends on the resources of the film industry to provide materials, money, publicity and distribution. The film industry is the same as any other industry - it makes films in order to sell them. Film producers and their corporations are concerned that their films should sell, and so films are tailor made to suit the public taste. But they also influence the public taste. Films are made to be "entertaining", but at the same time they propagate the idea that a film has to be entertaining to be good. So the most entertaining film, the one that demands the least effort, one which you can just relax and enjoy, is the best. The social function of the film is to provide an escape from the dreariness of everyday life.

The system is clearly a vicious circle. The film industry has created a certain kind of film as the acceptable norm, and these films cannot do otherwise than reinforce and concretize the existing ideology. The film industry limits the public's willingness to accept films which do not conform to the norm. By stifling the critical faculty, commercial films become a force of cultural repression.

The effect of a film like "Che", which claims to deal with politics objectively, is to hide the fact that our society is creating a completely false idea of liberality. After all, it manipulates our awareness of a given political situation. It is part of a system which prevents the development of any real criticism of society (Advertising is another part. It presents us with many possibilities. We are free to choose but at the same time constantly distracted from the question of the quality of that choice). "Che" perpetuates the myth of American Democracy which reassures the individual that he is still in a position to determine his social fate.

The central message of "Che" is that life is best led outside of politics. Freedom is really freedom from politics.

J. B. K.

CHE! (USA, 1969) Richard Fleischer

BOOK REVIEW

Robin Wood's 'HITCHCOCK'S FILMS'

The summer season of Hitchcock on the B.B.C. which enabled us to see otherwise inaccessible films such as SABOTAGE, the first version of THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH and which culminated in PSYCHO, the release of a new Hitchcock, TOPAZ (which has met with the usual puzzled dismissive response accorded to the post-PSYCHO films) and the showing of the pre-PSYCHO American films previously unavailable in this country at the N.F.T. (TO CATCH A THIEF, THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY and THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH), despite the non-showing of REAR WINDOW and the possibility that VERTIGO too won't be shown¹, has made this a good year for Hitchcockery. It is thus fitting that Robins Wood's book on Hitchcock, the first serious extensive treatment of Hitchcock, with the exception of the seminal essays in Movie, by an English film critic should be represented with an additional chapter on TORN CURTAIN, this year.

This article which masquerades under the heading of a review of Wood's book, is in fact a continuation of the critical debate raised by Alan Lovell in his essay on Wood's criticism². First I must acknowledge my debt to Woods, not only for his book on Hitchcock but also for the one on Hawks. It was Robin Wood who made me realise that the cinema was more than Antonioni, Bunuel et al. More significantly, Wood's book on Hitchcock and Signs and Meaning in the Cinema are the twin pinnacles of the two considered schools of English Film Criticism. If this article reads very disparagingly, it is because beneath the rather attacking language I am trying to examine, albeit haphazardly, 3 major areas of Wood's criticism, not to establish points for or against but to elucidate the way he approaches the cinema. These areas are a) Wood and moral concern, b) Wood, Fantasy/Reality and the cinema and c) Wood, analysis and details.

Hitchcock has two reputations (at least), as the foremost director of suspense and comedy-thriller films such as PSYCHO and NORTH BY NORTH WEST and as the cinema's greatest technician, e.g. the shower murder. These two reputations are by no means incompatible, instead, the second follows from the correctness of the first. But, the essential seriousness of Hitchcock as a film maker that the second view entails, unless we accept Hitchcock's often stated belief in pure cinema as the final word on the subject, has led to the view of Hitchcock as an auteur, as a director whose films can be related to one another and distinguished from each other by a pattern of basic motifs which are continually counterpoised in varying degrees of opposition.

Out of such considerations Hitch has emerged with a third reputation, that of the cinema's great moralist. I chose the word moralist because this is not only a fair description of Wood's views on Hitchcock but one which contains Wood's presentation Rohmer-Chabrol and Douchet³. I would argue that for Wood moral concern is not so much what Hitchcock is about but the necessary attribute of a major artist in any field⁴. In Wood's words "Hitchcock's films characteristically communicate a drive to psychic health"⁵. This is not limited to the characters but via the creation of audience identification with the protagonists of the films Wood claims, of the later films, that this therapy is actually extended to the audience. The importance of Wood's characterization

of Hitchcock as a subversive moralist cannot be overstated. How, one wonders, would Hitchcock be dealt with if the moral concerns that Wood re-iterates as being the central feature of Hitchcock's work were not present? The simple answer is that Hitchcock would not be a great director. CHARADE and FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, which Wood uses as contrasts to Hitchcock are dismissed as "shallow pastiche(s)" because their suspense is not moral suspense. This objection to the content of a film is very easily translated into objections to the technical expertise behind it. Thus in his book on Hawks⁷ in the RIO BRAVO section he takes time out to destroy HIGH NOON because its morality is the morality of "good intentions"⁸ which is stated, not intuitively felt. "The film reeks of contrivance. Every sequence is constructed to lead up to, and make, a simple moral point, character, action and dialogue being painstakingly manipulated to this end This characteristic is not only in the script. Zinneman's direction, external and shallow matches it perfectly. His handling of the actors is almost uniformly abominable, cliché-gesture following cliché-gesture - just as cliché set-up follows cliché-set-up in the camera positioning"⁹.

But not only is intuitively felt moral concern necessary to a film's greatness; also that moral concern must be positive. In a derogatory review of BELLE DE JOUR Wood winds up this way: "At first one is tempted to associate Bunuel with Blake and Lawrence: the sense of all - pervading corruption rotting the fabric of society recalls Blake's 'Experience' or the England of WOMEN IN LOVE, and there is apparently the same appeal to spontaneous - instinctive life as the criterion by which the corruption is judged"¹⁰. He continues by saying that this is not the case and after invoking Hitchcock, "One has only to compare the sense of dynamic progression in any of Hitchcock's best films with the essentially negative movement of Bunuel's"¹¹ concludes by describing Bunuel as a "defeatist steering his characters towards their pre-ordained hopelessness by eliminating any possibilities of health"¹². I have no argument with Wood's quoted description of BELLE DE JOUR; only with the ends to which it is put. After first postulating a 'false' Bunuel, Wood inspects his creation only to find a 'real' negative Bunuel who because he is not the 'false' Bunuel who has yummy-yummy associations, is consigned to the category of dealing with perversion for its own sake. The "pervasive nastiness"¹³ of Bunuel's concerns deny him in Wood's eyes, the stature of a great director.

It might seem that I have gone the long way round to demonstrate my point, for in his reply to Lovell, Wood is quite explicit: "If the purpose of criticism is not a discussion of values then I don't know what it is"¹⁴. Then to illustrate what he means by "values" Wood quotes F.R. Leavis "I don't believe in any "literary values", and you won't find me talking about them; the judgements the literary critic is concerned with are judgements about life"¹⁵. But as one can see from his remarks on Bunuel, Wood does not merely see criticism as ultimately consisting of value judgements (which is possibly the case) but demands it only be concerned with value judgements¹⁶. With this in mind I would like to suggest two of the ways by which Wood substantiates his value judgements.

"To see the flats across the courtyard in REAR

BELLE DE JOUR, a film in which reality and fantasy are not distinct²¹, is an apt illustration of the problem of what degree of reality can we adduce to the images before our eyes. Any consistent attempt to describe this as reality and that as fantasy leads nowhere. His dislike of the film apart, Wood distrusts the interpenetration of reality and fantasy. Why that

apparatus to unravel the two. him to WEEKEND if he attempts to use the same critical the problems that a reader of MIDDLEMARCH brings with it real²⁶ are his own problems not Godard's. They are as following from Godard's desire "to show only what revealing: the aesthetic problems he posits for Godard i.e. makes it real. His essay on WEEKEND²⁵ is more forwardly Wood interprets it in a psychological way, sequence; the killing of the boy. Very straight- example of his means of interpreting an obviously surreal Woods article on HOUR OF THE WOLF²⁴ offers us an because they are presented to us on the screen as real. Crane²³ - moral qualities to which we react to e.g. Wood's descriptions of our reaction to Marion simple - complex in the case of the major characters In short Hitchcock's characters are relatively

strike us as a happy man²². of PSYCHO is a vulgar drunken cat" who will "not film is a "silly and useless old woman"²¹ and Cassidy why he defected?²⁰ - Countess Kuchinskaya of the same man inwardly sickened by his corruption¹⁹ - Ah that's of their peculiarities; Gromek of TURN CURTAIN is "a meet them. But before he introduces us he warns us way Wood is always inviting us across the street to that Hitchcock's characters possess can be seen in the in real clothes. Another way of defining the reality that these characters are also morally figures dressed constant use of such metaphors as "descent" implies Hitchcock's films as real people Wood by means of his At the same as speaking of the character of evidence of the murder, is to deny its suggestiveness. Thomas (of BLOW UP) searches for in his photographs as To demand of a frame of film the reality for which

the concretization of abstractions. audience's participation in the emotions engendered by of abstractions, the most common result of which is the tested (musicals) is real only in its concretizations cinema-screen whether desired (neo-realism) or con- Stewart sees himself in Burr. The reality of the Raymond Burr is only a real murderer in so far as can become films (e.g. the shooting of Jack Ruby). are real. Films are not newsreels; though newsreels is an actor as is James Stewart. None of the events Raymond Burr is not a real murderer (I hope), he

naturally asked "How many children had Lady Macbeth himself with Bradley; of whom I.C. Knights not un- concreteness of the film - Wood is here aligning the abstractions of analysis - as contrasted to the under discussion. As well as evincing his distrust of anything in that it leads us away from the film Doucet's analysis as interesting but ultimately real murder has been committed. He is rejecting away from guesswork and return to Wood's claim that a of the events depicted on the screen. But let's get select different levels of response to the reality a comedy and REAR WINDOW not and that an audience Wood's answer would be along the lines that HARRY is projected at 24 frames per second. I would guess that photographs of live actors, or inanimate dummies lent, if only because they are not "real" corpses but for logically the corpses of the two films are equivalent even see a corpse - if we do my argument still stands whereas in REAR WINDOW if I remember correctly, we don't HARRY. Why not? We actually see the corpse in HARRY degree of reality for the corpse of THE TROUBLE WITH flower bed.¹⁹ Wood I am sure would not claim the same around the country and buried a real head in a real man who has murdered a real woman, deposited real limbs to have forgotten the fact that the murderer is a real illuminating, but by the end of the argument we seem "wish-fulfilling" his secret desires is splendidly WINDOW as a sort of cinema screen on which James Stewart

Such a statement, especially the supposition of the second half is out of place in a piece of criticism. Neither does such a statement recreate those feelings in me when I read it. Such feelings only exist as I watch the film. Once I leave the cinema they are memories of the film which I must sort out. I ELIASSEER tackles this point in his article on FROM APACHE: "Instead of trying to write a re- vainly sets out to recapture the mood in which night, it seems more worth while to attempt a Se myself when I come out of the cinema on a Se however incomplete or debatable the result may be since it will probably always be the fate of the magazine (and serious film criticism for some time) to be read by people with intellectual interests, it in some form of (inevitably) self-conscious anti-intellectualism in the vain hope of avoiding the very real problems of finding a language in which to write about films³⁴. Implicit in the basis of Wood's film criticism is an avoidance of "the very real problems of finding a language in which to write about films". In his article on WEEKEND, which contains many insights, he stands for the premises that "In the nineteenth century

Felt for them by the director³³. showed for each other, and which seemed to reflect that are "the warmth, affection and respect the characters would begin with the notion of the group"³². They paradigm³¹ or Lovell's structural analysis "which out of Wollen's analysis of the film ("the Wollen precisely those features which he thinks would be left film. The features of HIO BRAVO that Wood admires are criticism can never be a substitute for seeing a an art work; it can only hope to explicate its parts. criticism can hope to replace the full complexity of them to theoretical skeletons³⁰. No piece of film of depriving the films of flesh and blood, reducing than forty films in 150 pages of text, have the effect they set out to cover all Hitchcock's films, British and American, up to and including THE WRONG MAN, more is discussing the Homer-Chabrol book: "Their analyses - I will start with a seeming innocent statement. Wood But let us approach the issue from another angle.

Criticism rather than Bradley. I would suggest that one should start from the New must write about films from a literary basis (as I do) treating the characters and forgetting the fog. If one more than to attempt to write about Dickens, only characters at the expense of the mise-en-scene is no order seem to negate one another. Concentration on the sense of the bizarre and the discovery of identity and suspected of stealing her jewels. And in the end the she later saves Garry Grant from the police when he is to contravene the conventional social/moral order - feel for the bizarre as an indication of her ability of an egg seems to me as much an example of Hitchcock's sense of unity in Hitchcock. For instance Jessa Royce plays is mystifying in that it leads to a too strong characters as both real and as figures from morality Nonetheless Wood's treatment of Hitchcock's

or, say Bunnell. conversations do seem intrinsically more real than those not use fantasy the naturalistic characters and their immediately after MARINE. And also since Hitchcock does describes is very plausible - until one sees PSYCHO it is there. The "drive to psychic health" he not so evident in his treatment of Hitchcock - though ing the wrong critical apparatus to the wrong film is into confusion. This confusion, the result of bring- Wood's moral animus and his desire for reality blend convince one of its thematic necessity²⁹. In it I see relevant to the film as a whole, but it doesn't at all central episode of BELLE DE JOUR is of course thematic tion of the sequence are unintelligible to me: "The into reality. The concluding remarks of his examining allowable if it can be translated by psychology back sequence indicating that for him fantasy is only Fantasy²⁸ he asks of the neopopulist aristocrat-

the centre of creative interest shifted from poetry to the novel; in our own century it has shifted from the novel to the cinema". But as Wood's views on reality and the cinema demonstrate the assumptions he brings to the cinema are those of a literary critic facing a nineteenth century novel. Only Robin Wood could open an article on WEEKEND by reference to A PASSAGE TO INDIA'.

In place of analysis Wood offers interpretation, interpretation which one could carpingly say often was lacking in substantiation or which more charitably one would say depended too much on details and attacks on negative criticism of Hitchcock, such as that found in Blind and Dumb. One aspect of the details Wood examines is his treatment of the minor characters which I have already discussed. The underlying animus against analysis that Woods quoted comments of Rohmer-Chabrol and RIO BRAVO demonstrate, stem from his desire somehow in his criticism to re-create the film afresh for his readers. The nature of Film is such, however, that one cannot go back and see sequence A in the light of sequence B, as one can with a book. One relies on memory and a moviola. But most of us don't have access to a moviola so 'details' creep into film criticism as the pivots of arguments and as such a detail is unverifiable we must either accept it or not; it is pointless not to - we don't expect critics to lie to us. But what is a detail? For a start, the details one notices must stem from interpretation; otherwise why does one choose to comment on 'X' rather than 'Y' detail?

In concrete terms this means that I object to Wood's claim for I CONFESS that a particularly subtle touch is the visual suggestion contained in the flashback that the lovers did in fact commit adultery³⁶. The use of "particularly subtle" which is irritatingly special pleading apart, how am I going to test the truth of this assertion? All I can say is that the sequence did not suggest that to me, the assertion may very well be correct (I am strongly tempted when I reflect on it in the light of UNDER CAPRICORN to accept it). But how can I separate the sequence from Wood's interpretation of it? Let me offer an example of my own. In Fuller's RUN OF THE ARROW when Steiger enters the fort to warn the cavalry that if they don't evacuate the fort the Indians will attack, burn it down and massacre them, his entrance is held in long shot. In the background of the screen we see Steiger enter framed by the gates of the fort while in the foreground on the left we see a water bowl, a bowl of some sort anyway, which is hanging from a porch, that swings to and fro from left to right. This sequence certainly exists. Moreover I would argue that the sequence is more than rhetoric, that it in fact contains the theme of the film, of Steiger despite his swaying between two cultures being essentially of one culture, that of the fort. This is no place for an extensive analysis of RUN - though one is necessary - so I will leave off; but the point remains that it is possible to refer to details for evidence for an interpretation without undercutting the objective status of a detail as such.

"Lillies that fester": it is the depth of Wood's criticism, not its shallowness, that makes me attack him so animatedly. In showing so, I hope that I have outlined what to my mind, are the three main areas through which Wood's bias for feeling rather than analysis is worked out. To conclude I would like to suggest what might prove to be an illuminating way into Hitchcock: John Michael Hayes, who scripted the four Paramount films, and Albert Whitlock³⁷ the special effects man for the Universal films.

P.H.

NOTES

1. VERTIGO is scheduled for December 5 but a phone call before-hand to confirm its being shown would be advisable.
2. 'Robin Wood's criticism' Screen Vol 10 No. 2 pp42-55. A reply by Wood appears in Screen Vol 10 No. 3 pp35-48.
3. HITCHCOCK par Rohmer-Chabrol (Editions Universitaires, Paris 1957); ALFRED HITCHCOCK par Jean Douchet (Editions l'Herne Paris 1967). There is now a third French book (HITCHCOCK par Noel Simsolo (Editions Seghers Paris 1969). After flicking through the Simsolo book I would describe it as basically consisting of quotes from Rohmer-Chabrol and the Truffaut interview book (Secker Worbury 1967) strung together.
4. Wood even applies this criticism, of his dismissal of Penelope Houston's criticism of Hitchcock "This bland disregard of the need for moral concern" (Hitchcock's films, p13 - all quotations from the new edition hence forth abbreviated as H.)
5. Movie No. 15 p31.
6. H p24.
7. HOWARD HAWKS, by Robin Wood (Secker and Worbury 1968).
8. ibid p 33.
9. ibid p 33.
10. Movie No. 15 p 31.
11. ibid p 31.
12. ibid p 31.
13. ibid p 30.
14. Screen Vol 10 No. 3 p 48.
15. ibid p 48 quoted from TWO CULTURES
16. cf ibid p 43 where Wood really lays his cards on the table.
17. H p 16.
18. APPROACHES TO SHAKESPEARE (Penguin 1967).
19. Obviously Hitchcock's characters are also convinced of their reality. Wolfgang Kieling who played Gromek, the East German security agent, after the film defected to East Germany.
20. H p 186.
21. H p 113.
22. H pp 112-18.
23. Movie No. 16 pp 9-12.
24. ibid pp 29-33
25. ibid p 30.
26. cf BRF No. 14 and Cinema No. 3.
27. Movie 15 p 30.
28. ibid p 30.
29. H pp 14-15.
30. Screen Vol 10 No. 3 p 48.
31. ibid p 48.
32. ibid p 48.
33. ibid p 48.
34. BRF Vol 2 No. 1 p 36.
35. Movie 16 p 29.
36. H p 40.
37. My thanks to Tony Sloman for bring Mr. Whitlock to my attention.

PREVIEWS

IL POSTO (Italy 61) E. Olmi.

Olmi's second feature film, IL POSTO tells the story of a young not too bright boy looking for his first job in a huge soulless corporation. He is completely guileless, and his highest ambition is to achieve the status of office boy. The film records his progress through interviews and tests to this peak, with gentle humour. Bitterness creeps in only in the description of events such as the factory social and even then, the general light tone serves to hide any really biting comments. This film could profitably be compared with the Czech CLOSELY OBSERVED TRAINS, though in that film the strength of the world in which the boy finds himself drives the film along in a very much more powerful, if not so humorous way.

G. J.

BICYCLE THIEVES (Italy 48) V. De Sica

De Sica's best known film, coming at the crest of the 'social realist' movement in Italy, BICYCLE THIEVES was long regarded as one of the greatest films ever made. Cinema has moved on, and a cooler look at the Italian cinema certainly revises De Sica's position with respect to other directors of that time such as Rossellini. BICYCLE THIEVES may now be seen as a little too simple, even 'folksy', but still remains a film which must be seen.

G.J.

TORN CURTAIN (U.S.A. 1968)
A. Hitchcock.

At first sight, TORN CURTAIN is a pointless film. Paul Newman has to pretend to defect to the D.D.R. in order to get a secret formula, Julie Andrews can't be told that the defection isn't real and follows Newman. After some adventures they escape with the formula and relatively little difficulty. At second sight one has to ask what Hitchcock has been playing at. Surely the fact that we have left the cinema profoundly dissatisfied is not just because the old master is losing his grip? In fact Hitchcock has turned the spy thriller on its head. The 'hero' and 'Heroine', played by two notably sympathetic stars are carefully and painstakingly made to appear petty, selfish and criminal. They do not scruple at the 'necessary murder' nor do they spare any gratitude to those who help them escape - probably at the cost of their own

freedom. Newman's values are shown to be false and his powers second rate, not by any god-like C.I.A. man (as in NORTH BY NORTH-WEST) but by a communist German scientist (made to look like Albert Einstein) and the most sympathetic character in the film - the head of the East German secret police!

This is not to say that Hitchcock has deserted Roman Catholicism and the U.S.A., to stand shoulder to shoulder with Walter Ulbricht's deformed workers state. Nevertheless the air of unrelieved pessimism in this film is new to Hitchcock's work.

G.J.

THE INNOCENTS (G.B. 61) J. Clayton.

This film, taken from Henry James' 'Turn of the Screw' was Clayton's third film and followed ROOM AT THE TOP. It certainly shows this director's versatility. The film produces a fine ghostly effect in the story of the demonic possession of two small children by the evil memories of a departed couple. Possibly, the essential ambiguity of the story is harped upon in too heavy handed a fashion, but the film stands high in comparison with other examples of the eerie, rather than the straight horrific.

G.J.

BLACK ORPHEUS (Brazil 58) M. Camus.

The legend of Orpheus and Eurydice is played out in Carnival Rio; against the glittering parades, the simple tragedy is performed. The poverty of the fabellas erupts into the sequined plastic fantasy of carnival, providing the festival background once the essential setting for myth-recitation. Like primitive societies, these fabella-dwellers find their only release from drudgery and poverty is the festivity which, like an ancient religious cult, ritually re-enacts the old myths. Even when reality takes over from their drama, the actors are prisoners of their myth and inexorably the action unfolds. Camus' view of this society is formalistic and static; time and existence are shown as repetitive and man a prisoner of his own social destiny. In the pre-industrial world this was the universal conception. But Camus' out-dated perspective is misapplied and society is nowadays seen as evol-

utionary, even by slum-dwellers. His naive, and conservative viewpoint detracts from the beauty and simplicity of the action which would have only been highlighted by a more realistic treatment of the subject of poverty in Brazil

P.J.

FAHRENHEIT 451 (G.B. 66) F. Truffaut;
O. Werner, J. Christie.

No-one could have expected that Truffaut would take the brilliant Ray Bradbury novel - so rich and full with imaginative comment, new ideas and inspired predictions - and would turn it into such a banal film. Part of the fault lies in the general confusion of time. We jump from futuristic monorail scenes to homely 50's apartments. Again, the rhythm of the film is quite wrong. Too much time spent dwelling lovingly on interesting ultra-modern contraptions (new fire engines, the monorail, etc.); too little on interesting ideas or scenes (the book-burning was tragically underplayed). Oscar Werner is, as even Truffaut admits, hamming it up, and Julie Christie obviously had no idea of what was going on.

P.J.

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR (Yugoslavia 67)
D. Makavejev.

Banned for public screening in Britain, this film was one of the unexpected hits of the Cannes Critics Week and of the London Film Festival. Alternating between clever comedy and casual tragedy, Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev fixes a tender, cruel look at the rather bizarre love affair. ("a bit neurotic, a bit erotic") of Isabela, the switchboard operator, and Ahmed, the health inspector and rat-exterminator, proclaiming that the ultimate values are the fascinating trivialities, the senseless moments of life. Interspersed are tongue-in-cheek dissertations on criminology and sexology.

B.F.T. Programme.

INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED (Yugoslavia 68)
D. Makavejev.

In 1942 in occupied Belgrade the first Serbian feature was privately produced by Aleksic, Yugoslavia's greatest strong man and acrobat. The whole film was made under the noses of the Germans, who later confiscated it. Dusan Makavejev director of MAN IS NOT A BIRD and

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR, has unearthed the film and tracked down the producer-writer-director-star. INNO-CENCE UNPROTECTED brilliantly intertwines the old film with news-reel footage and Makavejev's new colour material. The result is an absurd, pathetic yet hilarious blend of poker faced interviews and marvellously ham melodrama.

B.F.T. Programme.

LA COLLECTIONNEUSE (France 66)
E. Rohmer.

LA COLLECTIONNEUSE is the story of a young girl playing cat and mouse with two young men with whom she spends the summer in a St. Tropez villa. Some of the pseudo-psychological dialogue is terribly precious but there are ample compensations. The half-childish, half-decadent mood of the menage-a-trois is beautifully caught, the sensual summer images are ravishingly beautiful, and, as the girl, Haydee Politoff makes an astonishing debut - provocative predator and promiscuous.

B.F.T. Programme.

MURDER INC. - The Enforcer (U.S.A.51)
R.Walsh; H.Bogart.

Although the film is credited to Bretain Windust, it was effectively shot by Walsh. A district attorney tries to convict a notorious gangster, but his vital piece of evidence commits suicide. He foos over all the evidence until he discovers that there is an eye-witness left. Who will get there first...

One of Walsh's most enigmatic films. Fascinating attempt to show two totally amoral intelligences at work (the D.A.'s and the gangster's) who ruthlessly try to shape reality to their own ends (in one case justice, in the other crime). Walsh is particularly interested in showing the way in which the mind enforces itself into reality. Complex time-structure as flash-backs follow each other. The idea of using the innocent girl as a target and bait in order to prove a case is very similar to Lang's WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS. The stark and minute realism of morgue, prison yard and police headquarters enhance the sinister nature of Bogart's cerebral passion.

O.K.

IN COLD BLOOD (U.S.A.67) R. Brooks.

IN COLD BLOOD, like Kazan's WATERFRONT, is a well known film more because of its notorious subject matter than on account of its artistic merits. Perhaps the most admirable aspect of Brooks's film is his use of black and white photography to illustrate the desolation of America's Mid-west; dust, broken fences, silhouetted telegraph poles, reminiscent of Penn's

location photography for BONNIE AND CLYDE. Brooks does not retain the emotional ambivalence of Capote's document, but neither does he make it the comprehensive indictment of capital punishment it might have been. He does, however, emphasize the innate humanity of the killers, especially Perry, by investigating to some extent their emotional make-up.

P.L.

Reviewed in previous issues.

M. II.1

Viridiana II.3

Simon of the Desert II.2

RATINGS

	T.E.	P.J.	G.J.	J.K.	G.H.
THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR	xx	xx	xx		xx
THE INNOCENTS			xx	xx	
M	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx	xxxx	xxx
TORN CURTAIN	xx	xx	xxx		xx
MURDER INC.	xxx				
FAHRENHEIT 451	x	xx	xx	xx	
BLACK ORPHEUS		xxx	xx		
LA COLLECTIONNEUSE	xx				
L'AVVENTURA	xxx	xxx	xxx	xxx	xx
IN COLD BLOOD	xx			xx	
BICYCLE THIEVES	xx				xx
ANATOMY OF A MURDER	xx	xx	xx		
LILITH	xx	xxxx	xxxx		
UNDER CAPRICORN	xx	xxxx	xxx		xx
SEXTON BLAKE		xxx	xx		
CHE				o	

xxxx excellent
xxx very good
xx good
x interesting
o uninteresting/bad

FILM DIARY

TIMES GIVEN ARE OF LAST COMPLETE PERFORMANCE. PROGRAMME DETAILS ARE LIABLE TO CHANGE.

ABC (BRIGHTON) 27010 ABC (HOVE) 733985 ACADEMY 28595 ASTORIA 683385 B.F.T. 29563 CLASSIC (CURZON) 29414
COMBINATION 25496 CONTINENTALE 681348 DUKE OF YORKS 62503 EMBASSY 735124 ODEON (BRIGHTON) 26696
REGENT 25721 NEW SUSSEX FILM GROUP (11 Old London Rd.) 552306.

Mon. Dec. 1st.

INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED (Yugo. '68)
D. Makavejev B.F.T. 7.30pm.
THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR (Yugo '67)
D. Makavejev B.F.T. 7.30pm.
IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT (USA '68)
N. Jewison; R. Steiger Duke of Yorks
THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE (GB '69)
R. Aldrich ABC
SPARTACUS (USA '60)
S. Kubrik Regent
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER (USA '67)
S. Kramer Curzon

Sat. Dec. 6th.

BLACK ORPHEUS (France '59)
M. Camus BFT 11pm.
LA COLLECTIONEUSE (France '66)
E. Rohmer BFT 11pm.
FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG (USA '55)
A. Lubin BBC 2
INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED)
THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR) BFT 7.30
DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY B. Comb 11.15pm.
THE CINCINNATI KID Curzon
DR. ZHIVAGO Regent

Tues. Dec. 2nd.

THE INNOCENTS (G.B. '61)
J. Clayton; D. Kerr. Coll. Ed. 7pm.
M. (Germany '32)
F. Lang; P. Lorre Univ. A2
INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED) B.F.T. 7.30
SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR)
IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT Duke of Yorks
THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE A.B.C. Brighton
SPARTACUS Regent.
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER Curzon

Sun. Dec. 7th.

L'AVVENTURA (Italy '60)
M. Antonioni; M. Vitti BFT 7.30pm.
BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (USA '40)
M. Leroy ITV London
DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY B. Comb 11.15pm.
DR. ZHIVAGO Regent

Mon. Dec. 8th.

BLACK ORPHEUS BFT 7.30pm.
LA COLLECTIONEUSE BFT 7.30pm.
CINCINNATI KID Curzon
DR. ZHIVAGO Regent

Wed. Dec. 3rd.

TORN CURTAIN (USA '66)
A. Hitchcock; P. Newman Suss. F. Soc.
INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED) 4 + 7 pm.
THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR) B.F.T. 7.30.
THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE A.B.C. Brighton
SPARTACUS Regent
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER Curzon

Tues. Dec. 9th.

VIRIDIANA (Spain '61)
L. Bunuel Coll. Ed.
SIMON OF THE DESERT (Mex. '65)
L. Bunuel Coll. Ed.
BLACK ORPHEUS BFT 7.30pm.
LA COLLECTIONEUSE BFT 7.30pm.
CINCINNATI KID Curzon
DR. ZHIVAGO Regent

Thurs. Dec. 4th.

MURDER INC. (USA '51)
R. Walsh. Suss. F. Soc.
FARENHEIT 451 (G.B. '67)
F. Truffaut; J. Christie 6.30pm.
THE CINCINNATI KID (USA '64)
N. Jewison; S. McQueen Coll. Ad. Tech.
DR. ZHIVAGO (G.B. '64)
D. Lean; O. Sharif; J. Christie 7pm.
INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED) Curzon
THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR) Regent
B.F.T. 7.30.

Weds. Dec. 10th.

THE GRASS IS GREENER (USA '61)
S. Donen BBC 1
HORSE FEATHERS (USA '32)
N. Z. McLeod Suss. Film Soc
BLACK ORPHEUS 4 + 7 pm.
LA COLLECTIONEUSE BFT 7.30pm.
CINCINNATI KID BFT 7.30pm.
DR. ZHIVAGO Curzon
Regent

Frid. Dec. 5th.

LA VIE PRIVEE (France '61)
L. Malle BBC 2
IL BELL' ANTONIO (Italy '61)
M. Bolognini BBC 1
DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY (USA '40)
H. Richter D'ton Comb.
CINCINNATI KID 11.15pm.
INNOCENCE UNPROTECTED) Curzon
THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR) B.F.T. 7.30
DR. ZHIVAGO Regent

Thurs. Dec. 11th.

IL MARE (Italy '62)
G. Padroni Griffi Suss. Film Soc
HELL AND HIGH WATER (USA '54)
S. Fuller 6.30pm.
HOTEL (USA '66)
R. Quine; R. Taylor ITV London
THE COLLECTOR (GB '65)
W. Wyler; T. Stamp Embassy
BLACK ORPHEUS Curzon
LA COLLECTIONEUSE BFT 7.30pm.
DR. ZHIVAGO BFT 7.30pm.
Regent

<u>Frid. Dec. 12th.</u> IL POSTO (Italy '61) E.Olmi WHO ARE YOU POLLY MAGOO (France '68) W.Klein BLACK ORPHEUS LA COLLECTIONNEUSE HOTEL THE COLLECTOR DR. ZHIVAGO	BBC 2 Brighton Comb. 11.15pm. BFT 7.30pm. BFT 7.30PM. Embassy Curzon Regent	<u>Mon. Dec. 22nd.</u> IN COLD BLOOD CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE BATTLE OF BRITAIN	Duke of Yorks Curzon Regent
<u>Sat. Dec. 13th.</u> THE GOLEM (Germany '20) K.Freund SARGEANTS THREE (USA '62) J.Sturges; F.Sinatra BLACK ORPHEUS LA COLLECTIONNEUSE WHO ARE YOU POLLY MAGOO HOTEL THE COLLECTOR DR. ZHIVAGO	New Suss, Film Group 8pm. ITV London BFT 730pm. BFT 7.30PM. B.Comb 11.15pm. Embassy Curzon Regent	<u>Tues. Dec. 23rd.</u> CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE BATTLE OF BRITAIN	Curzon Regent
<u>Sun. Dec. 14th.</u> EXODUS (USA '60) O.Preminger; P.Newman, M.Dayan. WHO ARE YOU POLLY MAGOO? THE COLLECTOR DR. ZHIVAGO	Orion B'ss Hill B.Comb 11.15pm. Curzon Regent	<u>Weds. Dec. 24th.</u> CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE BATTLE OF BRITAIN	Curzon Regent
<u>Mon. Dec. 15th.</u> THE COLLECTOR DR. ZHIVAGO	Curzon Regent	<u>Frid. Dec. 26th. - Weds. Dec. 31st.</u> MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR (GB '68) The Beatles	Brighton Combination
<u>Tues. Dec. 16th.</u> THE COLLECTOR DR. ZHIVAGO	Curzon Regent	The following films will be shown on BBC Television during the Christmas period (dates and times not available):-	
<u>Weds. Dec. 17th.</u> THE COLLECTOR DR. ZHIVAGO	Curzon Regent	WHITE CHRISTMAS (USA '52) M.Curtiz GENEVIEVE (GB '53) H.Cornelius THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE (USA '58) V.Minnelli THE SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW (USA '59) R.Walsh DAVID COPPERFIELD (USA '34) G.Cukor LAURA (USA '44) O.Preminger	
<u>Thurs. Dec. 18th.</u> AL CAPONE (USA '59) R.Wilson; R.Steiger DILLINGER (USA '45) M.Nosseck CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (GB '68) T.Richardson BATTLE OF BRITAIN (GB '69) G.Hamilton	Embassy Embassy Curzon Regent		
<u>Frid. Dec. 19th.</u> BICYCLE THIEVES (Italy '48) V.DeSica LA SFIDA (Italy '58) F.Rosi AL CAPONE DILLINGER CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE BATTLE OF BRITAIN	B'ton Comb. 11.15pm. BEC 2 Embassy Embassy Curzon Regent		
<u>Sat. Dec. 20th.</u> BICYCLE THIEVES AL CAPONE DILLINGER CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE BATTLE OF BRITAIN	B.Comb 11.15 Embassy Embassy Curzon Regent		
<u>Sun. Dec. 21st.</u> IN COLD BLOOD (USA '67) R.Brooks BICYCLE THIEVES CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE BATTLE OF BRITAIN	Duke of Yorks B.Comb 11.15pm. Curzon Regent		

